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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE official unemployment figures have shown a sharp increase during the past fortnight, rising from 1,187,000 on May 25th to 1,291,000 on June 8th, an increase of over 100,000. A considerable part of this increase—the Ministry of Labour suggest about a quarter—is attributable to extended holidays in the cotton trade, but when every allowance has been made for such factors it is evident that genuine unemployment is now rapidly increasing. This is by no means the first sign that trade has taken an unfavourable turn. Indeed, to those who are alive to the regular seasonal variations in unemployment the increase after Whitsun has been clearly foreshadowed by the failure of the unemployment figures to fall during the past few months. We called attention to this trend long before the Budget was introduced, arguing that it was mainly attributable to the undue rise in the sterling exchange which the expectations of a return to gold had brought about, and we emphasized the rashness from the industrial standpoint of stereotyping this position as the Government has done. Unfortunately, the trend of trade was not then so manifest as it is now; such warnings were disregarded; the gold standard has been restored; and the condition of the export trades is likely to get steadily worse. Indeed, unless we are exceedingly lucky, their only hope of ultimate relief lies through a process of general deflation, which will in the first instance extend the scope of the trouble.

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Needless to say, it is not to this cause that the unsatisfactory course of trade is commonly assigned. Although it is indisputable, and we should have thought not very difficult to grasp, that a rise in the exchange must, other things being equal, prejudice the unsheltered industries; although the rise in the exchange has taken place, and the prejudice to the unsheltered industries has followed, the profound inhibition against thought on monetary matters makes it essential to find other explanations. Accordingly, the trouble is attributed to the rest of the Budget and to the Pensions Bill; and the Budget policy as a whole is rapidly becoming as unpopular as we predicted. Mr. Churchill is, indeed,

in trouble in every quarter. He has thought it wise to relieve the owners of agricultural land (in so far as its value is agricultural) from the increase in the death duties, thus sacrificing another half-million of his revenue—a concession which, while there may be an arguable case for it at the present moment, adds to the heterogeneous confusion of his policy. This concession he had apparently intended to introduce in a casual way on the Report stage of the Finance Bill. It is to the credit of the Liberal Party, who are showing themselves by far the most effective Opposition, that its adequate consideration has been secured.

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The safeguarding of lace is already having the effect we anticipated in stimulating applications for protection from other industries, and a considerable crop of these will soon be harvested by the Board of Trade. There are, indeed, few industries, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out in the House of Commons on Tuesday, which could not make out as good a case as lace for being "safeguarded." By far the most important of the new applicants is the Iron and Steel Industry, and it is obvious that if this essential raw material obtains protection, the border-line between "safeguarding" and a general tariff will have been definitely crossed, and Mr. Baldwin's pledge finally broken. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Baldwin would be extremely reluctant to break that, or any other, pledge; but he embarked upon a perilous course when he promised to select a few industries for protection, and the return to gold is making it almost impossible for him to hold out against the clamorous demands of his "whole-hog" supporters.

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This week the coalowners' and miners' joint committee of inquiry into the state of their industry has been resumed in the rather more favourable atmosphere created by the decisions of the recent delegate meeting of the Miners' Federation. The joint committee has no easy task, even with the best will on both sides. The Statistical Summary for the quarter ended March 31st last reveals some of the salient features of the situation which should be clearly grasped. The tonnage disposable

commercially in this period was over four and a quarter million tons less than in the corresponding three months of 1924: while exports were less by nearly two and three-quarter million tons. While, therefore, the slump in the export trade accounts for a great part of the reduced output, home consumption has also decreased, and though no figures are available, it is fairly certain that the renewed depression in the iron and steel trades is primarily responsible for this. The credit balance last quarter was only 6.13 pence per ton, as against the abnormal profit of over two shillings and ninepence a ton in the first quarter of 1924. The only district making a profit of more than 8d. a ton last quarter was the Yorkshire area: losses up to 4d. a ton were made in Scotland, Durham, and South Wales, while in Northumberland the loss was 9½d. and as much as 1s. 4d. in Cumberland. On the other hand, the output per man per shift last quarter was nearly a post-war record, while the wages cost per ton is little different from a year ago, despite the new agreement. In view of these and other factors, the search for a solution of the wages problem will tax the joint committee's powers to the uttermost limit.

The experiment in co-operation between the miners and the management of the Vauxhall Colliery has unfortunately failed. On Tuesday the following joint statement was issued:—

"In view of the critical position of the coal-mining industry in North Wales, attributable to the falling prices of coal, it has become impossible to continue the present arrangement. . . . The colliery will cease work to-day."

This failure relieves the Miners' Federation of an awkward problem, for the miners had not only raised a guarantee fund of £700 for the colliery, but had accepted longer hours at the coal face and other modifications of working agreements. It is clear, however, that if the selling price obtainable in March had remained unaltered the colliery would have been working to-day at a profit. The men did their utmost to increase the output, and the whole experiment deserved a better fate. At a time when the industry is engaged in a joint attempt to overcome almost insuperable difficulties, it is a pity that this practical effort at co-operation should have failed.

The news from the Far East continues to be extremely serious, in that it shows how many causes are contributing to the disorders and that all remedies will necessarily be slow in operation. The Chinese Government has apparently sent a Note to the Powers which will add to its own difficulties in dealing with the disturbances, and, what is worse, will have a bad effect on the Tutchuns in the provinces. These officers, though virtually independent viceroys, are none the less party men, who will follow any lead given by the party in the capital to whom they owe their appointment. If the Peking Government shows a violently anti-foreign spirit, many of the Tutchuns will do the same, and the lives of thousands of Europeans in the interior will be endangered. It is satisfactory that, for the moment, Chang tso ling—the most powerful of all the military leaders—has exerted himself to keep order, and that the Tutchun of Hunnan has done the same. On the other hand, the attitude of Chang's chief rival, Feng yu Hsiang, becomes more and more ambiguous, and there is a grave danger that the passions excited by recent events may be exploited by ambitious military leaders in their own interests. The danger of the situation is,

of course, infinitely increased by the slackening of all authority, and the prevalence of brigands and armed criminals, arising from the civil wars.

In these circumstances, the line adopted by the Independent Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress appears to involve a singular recklessness as to the possible consequences of their criticisms of the Powers and their telegrams of sympathy to the strikers; though at any other time they would be fully justified in their strictures on the factory conditions in the industrial districts of China. European factory owners and industrial magnates, with some honourable exceptions, have been callous in their use of native labour, and have steadfastly shut their eyes to the problem they were creating. But the remedy is not easy. Child labour in European-owned factories is largely the outcome of Chinese conditions of life. For centuries, one of the curses of China has been the tendency of the people to procreate families they cannot nourish—an inevitable corollary to the universal habit of ancestor-worship. If the poorer classes found themselves confronted by factory laws on a European model, they would be the first to resist them. Even so, the labour conditions in the factories remain a blot which no pains should be spared to remove; but the remedy for bad industrial conditions is not indiscriminate massacre and arson, and it is quite clear that, whatever part industrial discontent may have played in the origin of the riots, the flame is being fanned by stronger and less legitimate forces, into whose hands any partisan controversy will play. The one satisfactory element in the situation is the apparent determination of the interested Powers to observe the spirit of the Washington conventions, that all Pacific problems should be discussed in common, and to restrict intervention to the minimum necessary for safeguarding the lives of their nationals. The outstanding difficulty is the absence of any central authority strong enough to keep order, or sufficiently representative to negotiate effectively.

The sequel to M. Painlevé's visit to Morocco, and M. Malvy's negotiations at Madrid, is that the French Premier has made a statement to a number of journalists in which he indicated, quite unmistakably, that the French and Spanish Governments are prepared to discuss terms with Abd el Krim. There can be no disguising the fact that any possible conditions will, for good or ill, raise the Rifi chief to the position of a *de facto* monarch of an independent State. M. Painlevé has, as yet, made no reference to the most important question of all: has he any good and solid reasons for supposing that Abd el Krim is willing to treat, and on what terms? A great deal may turn on whether he is willing to accept the substance, without insisting on the full forms of sovereignty, and to recognize the suzerainty of the Sultan. There is little doubt that, provided he can restrain his followers from raiding, he could easily obtain autonomy for the Rif. There are, however, many awkward problems to be solved. For instance, the mineral wealth of the Rif is sufficient to attract concession hunters; would he be permitted to grant concessions without reference to the Sultan or the protecting Powers? The whole question is one in which the good offices of the League might very profitably be employed. Its intervention, if accepted, would make it easier both for France and Spain to recognize Abd el Krim without loss of dignity, and for the Rifi leader himself to withdraw from his extreme claims. A settlement effected under its aegis would have some chance of permanence.

Last week's Council of the League of Nations having nothing much before it but routine business, which it discharged efficiently enough, the personal element at Geneva was thrown into rather stronger relief than usual. A good deal of the Council's value is due to the fact that it has ceased to be a mere collection of individuals and become a team. Precisely the same men sat round the table in June as had sat there in March. They were there by no means merely as the representative of Great Britain, the representative of France, and so forth. Chamberlain was once more working with Briand, and he has grown to like Briand through working with him before. Ishii, whom one of Chamberlain's predecessors had praised as being "such a gentleman," is by this time known to all his colleagues to be a gentleman. In the same way Quinones de Leon's capacity for calming troubled waters, Benes', and in a lesser degree Hymans', unfailing shrewdness and resource, and the uniform integrity and candour that marks the Swedish point of view as much when it is expressed to-day by Uden as when it was voiced yesterday by Branting—all these qualities are now sufficiently tested and familiar to blend effectively in the development of a markedly successful diplomatic machine. One of the difficulties before the Council is that you cannot accord perpetual membership to a particular country (apart from the four permanent members) merely because its habitual representative shows himself so valuable individually. But when Belgium or Sweden or Czechoslovakia goes off, the Council will suffer severe personal loss. How the first German delegate will fit into what is now so distinctive a *milieu* is matter for interesting speculation.

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The French reply to the German Pact proposals was delivered in Berlin on Monday. Germany is now in possession, therefore, of the views of the Allies on both German disarmament and the measure of security which they consider necessary to enable France also to begin to disarm, or at least to start evacuating German territory. The next formal step must come from Germany, but the tone and substance of Mr. Chamberlain's promised statement in the House of Commons next Wednesday may have an important influence on German opinion and, through that, on the course of events. The chance of a considerable advance depends, as usual, upon prompt decisions. The evacuation of the Ruhr and the "sanction" towns is due to take place in August, and the friends of peace are profoundly anxious to get Germany into the League at the Assembly meeting in September. The Germans, however, are very naturally disposed to say that they will not apply for membership of the League until Cologne has been evacuated; and the danger is that discussions between the Foreign Offices will be drawn out until the autumn, and that the League Assembly will be muzzled on the major European issue, at a time when much might be achieved by public debate.

* * *

The death of C. R. Das befell within a day or two of the formal suspension of diarchy in Bengal and the announcement that the province is to remain without Indian Ministers until January 7th, 1927. In July of last year Lord Lytton was driven by the closely organized Swarajist obstruction in the Bengal Legislature to take over the transferred departments, and thus to restore the pre-Montagu system of bureaucratic government. Mr. Das and his associates would have

it so, for they declined to vote the Ministerial salaries. It was necessary, of course, to make an end of a deadlock that had become ridiculous; but we may well doubt whether the Secretary of State and the Viceroy have gone the sensible way about it. Lord Birkenhead is under promise to make an early statement on Indian affairs. Why, then, choose this particular moment for declaring that diarchy in Bengal has ceased to be? The sudden loss of their leader is a bitter blow to the Swarajists. No successor to him exists in Bengal, where Hindus and Moslems are in a state of mutual irritation, and the moderate element is negligible. The occasion offers a challenge to Lord Lytton. By a bold and generous move he might win over the Independents.

* * *

A fortnight ago we referred to an amusing controversy between Senator Borah and others as to whether the United States ever paid the debt to France incurred by the American Colonies during the War of Independence. Some further light has now been thrown on the matter. According to Mr. John Rivers, the biographer of Beaumarchais, his fruitless efforts when well-nigh bankrupt to secure repayment of his loan to Congress of 3,600,000 livres vexed and embittered the last twenty years of his life; and

"in 1835, thirty-six years after the death of the long-suffering author of 'Figaro,' his daughter, Mme. Delarue, a very delicate woman, was compelled, as a last resource, to journey to Washington, with her young son, to plead her cause in person. Congress at last offered a sum of 800,000 francs in full payment of a debt which, according to its own estimate in 1779, amounted to 2,544,000 livres."

To these charges, however, Senator Borah replies in a letter to last Sunday's "Observer" with a very full statement of the case. The payment in 1835 was, it appears, the last of a series of payments, amounting in all to over 7,700,000 livres. The delay, according to the United States Treasury, was entirely due to Beaumarchais's inability to render an account; but the real controversy was over another million livres which the French King furnished to Beaumarchais, and it turned upon whether the latter disposed of this sum in such a way as to justify him in treating it as a loan to America. The whole story is highly complicated, but it does not seem likely to help France very much in the settlement of her present debt to the United States.

* * *

Lord Blanesburgh's speech on Grotius at the tercentenary dinner given at Gray's Inn Hall, was a very apt reminder of Europe's indebtedness to that great man; although some of the remarks were spoiled by an excess of zeal. To say that Grotius had "evolved order out of what, to his contemporaries, had been chaos," was surely going too far. Gentili's book of pleadings ("Advocatio Hispanica") showed clearly enough that the civilians of the sixteenth century were perfectly cognizant of the rules and principles which Grotius had collected, and had practised them in Admiralty cases for a long time. International law before Grotius was, in fact, what Roman history was before Gibbon: not "disorderly and chaotic" as Lord Blanesburgh suggests; but merely dry and uninteresting. He might have added, with telling effect, that if some man of genius could at this moment present the corpus of international law in a striking literary form, capable of affecting the ordinary thoughts of ordinary men, like Rousseau's "Emile," or Gibbon's first volume—which was to be found on ladies' dressing-tables—he would probably rank amongst the great benefactors of modern society.

POLITICS AND THE TREND OF TRADE

THE "Daily Mail" is now in full cry against the Budget. Unemployment, it observes, is on the increase; the export industries are in great distress. And this unhappy condition of things "is not due to accident or to unpreventable causes. It is the result of definite errors of policy." The Government is "worrying industry." As instances of this worrying, the "Daily Mail" mentions the Factories Bill, and the Rating and Valuation Bill. But its main target is the Budget, and by the Budget it really means the Pensions Bill and the silk duties. All the characteristic features of a "Daily Mail" campaign are in evidence. The leading article one day is headed "The Fatal Influence of the Budget. Multiplying Unemployed," and the next day "Drop it!" and the headings of the leading articles become the themes of the cartoons. Prominence is given to the letter of "an aged and life-long Conservative who has for many years been a prop of the party in his county," who expresses his entire agreement with the "Daily Mail" and his indignation with the Government.

As a diagnosis of our industrial malady, the "Daily Mail's" argument is, of course, absurd: it would be putting altogether too much on the tendency of coming events to cast their shadows before to attribute the worsening condition of our trade to the anticipatory influence of the series of measures it enumerates. But its agitation is not less significant, nor is it likely to be less effective, on this account. It is perfectly true that trade and unemployment are getting worse. It is also true that worsening trade is a very bad environment for the introduction of a new social measure like the Pensions Bill. Since the Budget was introduced, we have persistently called attention to these facts, pointing out that the Government were imperilling the cause of social reform by the complete lack of co-ordination in their economic policy. A few weeks ago we suggested that Conservative enthusiasm for social reform was not likely to survive the unpopularity of bringing the Pensions Bill into operation. Mr. Baldwin, in his speech at Welbeck Abbey, was very angry with us for this suggestion. It was "rubbish," he declared, only to be explained by the wish being father to the thought. Is he still sure that it is rubbish? We do not doubt that a genuine though rather vague benevolence pervades a section of his party, that many others have been persuaded that to go in for social reform is good tactics, and that many profess a fine scorn of the agitations of the "Daily Mail." In fair weather this might suffice, but if the weather should be foul, if social reform should appear to be bad tactics, if the "Daily Mail" should have the trend of facts and of public feeling on its side, somewhat sterner qualities will be required than we can honestly credit the Conservative Party with possessing.

The course of trade during the remainder of the present year is destined, we believe, to exert a profound influence on the development of a very fluid political situation; and it is almost impossible to take an optimistic view of the course of trade. There is a deep irony in the contrast between trade conditions to-day and a year ago, the full flavour of which hardly anyone appreciates. When, a year ago, Mr. Shaw was being badgered to produce Labour's policy for unemployment, he used to take credit for the fall in unemployment since Labour came into office, arguing that this was due to the confidence their policy inspired. No one—probably not even Mr. Shaw himself—thought that this was more than a debating point, or that the fall in unemployment was anything else than a fortunate coincidence. Yet there

was truth in the argument, though truth of a paradoxical sort, which would not have been altogether congenial to those who used it. The main reason for the improvement in trade was the fall in the exchange-value of sterling, which helped the export industries and the unsheltered industries generally. This fall in sterling had been started by Sir Montague Barlow's indiscretion about inflation in the previous autumn. But it was undoubtedly stimulated by Labour's accession to office, which led foolish people to transfer their investments in a panic to America. Thus, actually, the lack of confidence felt in Labour served to assist industry and to diminish unemployment. It would not have done so, of course, if the alarm felt by the sillier type of investor had extended to industrialists. As it was, the fall in the exchange went unduly far. Mr. Snowden's financial orthodoxy served to dispel the fears and to check the fall in the exchange, and, before the end of Labour's tenure of office, sterling was mounting towards gold parity. But again the change of Government stimulated the tendency, because it was regarded as making it much more likely that we should shortly revert to gold. Since the last election, accordingly, the powerful factor of anticipation has been brought into full play, and, aided by the lower discount rates prevailing in New York, has brought sterling triumphantly back to the neighbourhood of parity, where it is now tethered fast by the resumption of the gold standard. Unfortunately, this has injured the unsheltered industries just as the previous fall in the exchange helped them; and, for our part, we are convinced that we have here—in an unduly high exchange—the main explanation of that unsatisfactory trend of trade which is so embarrassing to the Government and to their legislative projects.

It is impossible not to feel a certain sympathy with Ministers. It would be bad enough luck to find trade getting worse from causes for which you were in no way responsible. But to find it getting worse largely because of the confidence you have succeeded in inspiring is a cruel stroke of fate. Yet this, in a sense, is what has happened. Questions of policy, of course, come in. The Government need not have reverted to the gold standard; in our opinion, it was a profound mistake to do so. But, in doing so, it was only following the course marked out by the respectable orthodoxy common to all parties. Moreover, it was not the final reversion to gold, so much as the expectation of it that accounts for the trouble up to date; and this expectation is one that all Governments have done their best to foster. Unhappily for itself, the present Government has been more successful in this endeavour than its predecessor. That is really why unemployment is on the increase to-day, why the Pensions Bill is so unpopular, and why the Government is accused by the "Daily Mail" of leading the Conservative Party to catastrophe. It is certainly hard lines. Yet, after all, Ministers did not lack warnings of what an unduly high exchange must mean. They preferred to ignore them, and to bask in the reassuring clichés of respectable tradition. Governments which do this cannot expect that the penalties which wait on all refusals to face realities will be visited with a nice discrimination.

Unfortunately there is little sign that the Government is facing the situation even now. The unsatisfactory trend of trade is at the moment mainly a matter of the unsheltered industries. We have not yet begun to experience any general deflation, which may prove to be inevitable before we reach stable equilibrium on the gold basis. The way in which we have been living as a nation during the present year is peculiar and precarious. In

effect, we have temporarily changed our rôle from a lending to a borrowing country; that is the significance of the huge flow of American funds into the London money market by which the exchange has been sustained. Clearly this state of affairs cannot persist indefinitely; and it seems more likely than not that a serious strain on the exchange, threatening all-round deflation, will develop in the autumn. Is the Government prepared for this contingency? Has it given a thought to the question of how the Pensions scheme can be launched in such a setting? Or is it prepared to embark on the hazardous course of using the powerful resources at its disposal to put off the evil day as long as possible? If Ministers imagine that the return to gold has settled all issues of currency policy, they are in for a rude awakening. It has created new issues far more difficult to deal with than those which formerly existed.

Meanwhile, the present trend of trade involves a corollary which up to a point is pleasing to the Government, but which is likely soon to prove a distinct embarrassment. The plausibility of the Protectionist appeal is greatly strengthened by the artificiality of the exchange position. Almost every unsheltered industry feels that foreign competition has become unfair; a crop of applications for protection under the Safeguarding scheme is the natural result; and almost every applicant can make out an impressive case. If Ministers had their hands free, nothing, of course, would delight them more. But their hands are tied by Mr. Baldwin's election pledge; and it is obvious to everyone that if such an industry as iron and steel is to obtain protection, the distinction between Safeguarding and a general tariff will have become a farce. Yet on the merits of the case, the claim of steel is at least as strong as that of lace. It is true that steel is an important material of other industries, while lace is not; but this is little more than another way of saying that steel is a much more important industry than lace. It is becoming clear, in short, that Mr. Baldwin's policy, if it has any meaning at all, means discriminating in favour of minor, miscellaneous trades against the staple industries. To the strong Protectionist, indeed, the present situation must be almost as exasperating as it is to the Free Trader. At last we have an economic situation ideally favourable to Protection—so favourable, indeed, that the Labour Party has virtually given up the fight against it. A Protectionist Government is in power. Yet the path to protection is blocked by pledges, given in very different circumstances, from which the Government can hardly seek release a second time by a premature dissolution. Meanwhile the Protectionist must content himself with a series of minor imposts, which may indeed undermine the Free Trade position, but which will involve the Government in a general air of futility and discredit.

The Government's stock has already fallen heavily since the Budget was introduced. In the old days of the two-party system, this would have been accompanied by a huge swing of the electoral pendulum, making itself manifest at bye-elections. Yet, paradoxically, such signs are at present far to seek; and both the Liberal and Labour Parties would do well to reflect on the significance of this paradox. As between Conservatism and Labour, the pendulum does not swing as strongly as it used to do between Conservatism and Liberalism. The Liberal Party appears at the moment too impotent to rally the support it would otherwise secure. Thus people go on voting Conservative, not because they have the smallest faith in present Ministers, but because no alternative seems to them any better.

CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHS AND UNCONSTITUTIONAL MINISTERS

A THOUGHTFUL Italian or Spaniard, watching one of those spontaneous manifestations of loyalty and affection which have recently been offered to the Kings of Italy and Spain, would have had some difficulty in answering one very simple question: Are the people cheering the man or the office? The grandfathers of the men and women in these cheering crowds fought and suffered, in the plains of Lombardy or the mountain fastnesses of Cantabria, for the cause of Parliamentary government and a constitutional monarchy. Do their grandsons still hold the legacy bequeathed to them at such cost—reinvested to suit the times? Or has it been lost amid the confusion of the past few years?

The forms of constitutional monarchy were devised with the very definite purpose of keeping the monarch out of politics, while retaining him as the titular Head of the State and the symbol of national unity. In all political affairs he acts by the advice of his Ministers. What, then, is his position if these Ministers are themselves unconstitutional?

It is an intriguing problem which becomes more paradoxical the nearer we get to concrete realities. Judged by the strict letter of the constitution, the King of Italy is in a less equivocal position than Alfonso; judged by the spirit of a constitutional monarchy, the King of Spain is, for the moment, more happily situated than Vittorio Emanuele.

When Signor Mussolini mustered his Black Shirts and marched on Rome he was not only a partisan leader meeting force by force, he was at the head of a Parliamentary party, and Italy was faced with a Parliamentary crisis. It was the King's duty to appoint the incoming on the advice of the outgoing Premier, and for all that is known to the contrary, Signor Facta may have advised him that Mussolini was, at the moment, the only man who could form a Cabinet. Mussolini has preserved, throughout, the forms of Parliamentary government; he presents budgets, intervenes in debates, and appeals to the country in general elections.

Has he, by these formal concessions, preserved the constitution of the monarchy? Hardly: the King of Italy may be congratulated on the dignity with which he has filled an anomalous position; but he is, none the less, performing all the functions of a constitutional monarch on the advice of a man who is not a constitutional Premier. As a leader of the Parliamentary Fascisti, Mussolini is eligible for the Premiership; as commander-in-chief of the Fascist militia, he is in open revolt against the law. It is not hard to foresee a situation in which the King's false position would be made plainly manifest to Italy and to Europe. The prerogative of mercy is inherent in his office. If prominent Fascists are convicted of the Matteotti murder, will the King be advised to pardon them, and if so, will the advice be given by Mussolini the Premier, or Mussolini the general of an armed band of political assassins? The same dilemma might occur as a sequel to any of the countless acts of Fascist violence.

The paradox is complete. As a constitutional monarch, Vittorio Emanuele is not responsible for the acts of his Ministers; yet those Ministers have abandoned all pretence of a return to normality, and are maintained in power by the adherence of a gang of bullies who employ arson, assault, and murder as their political weapons. Meanwhile, the Parliamentary opposition is torn by internecine dissensions, and a large

section is sulking on the Aventine, holding aloof from all political activity. That, indeed, is the strongest justification of his acquiescence. Were any possible alternative Government in sight, he might be justified even in straining his prerogative of veto and dissolution. In its absence he can hardly do more than hold on to his position as the one remaining rallying-point of Italian unity. It is a high tribute to his sincerity that, in a country torn by such wild dissensions, nobody has laid any evil to his charge.

King Alfonso's position is at first sight far worse. His dictator Premier, more honest than Mussolini, is a dictator in form as well as in fact. The Cortes has gone, and with it, every item of the Spanish constitution. Yet it is clear that the Spanish people care little for such things, and that indignation is confined to a very narrow circle. Ibañez is a cosmopolitan novelist more read in South America than in Spain, at least as much at home in Buenos Aires or in Paris as in Madrid; and his charges, damaging as they are to Alfonso personally, are not likely to prove effective weapons against the new régime. The attempt to suppress them was not merely unconstitutional, but foolish. Señor don Unanimo's criticism is more dangerous, not because he represents any large section of Spanish opinion, but because the Professor of Greek at Salamanca is personally respected, and makes a good martyr, as he wanders in poverty and exile through the streets of the Latin Quarter. Yet don Unanimo's outcry is repeated more by foreigners than by Spaniards.

The truth seems to be that General Primo de Rivera represents the inarticulate mass of a nation, where Mussolini represents only a faction. The Cortes represented only a small, politically conscious class, and used the forms of constitutionalism to deny effective representation to the majority. There is a larger element of government for the people, and hardly a smaller element of government by the people, under the Directory.

It is rumoured that, when General Primo de Rivera was visiting a country district, a deputation of peasants who had come to show their goodwill, expressed their unbounded admiration for a man who had put himself to the trouble of governing the country without being obliged to do it, and without getting anything in return. (This last item they regarded as an innovation of startling originality.) In this widespread indifference towards the idea of self-government lies at once the main justification of King Alfonso's acceptance of the Directory, and his chief difficulty, and opportunity, in the future.

The métier of a constitutional monarch is to exercise influence without exercising power, and both King Alfonso and King Vittorio Emanuele will have ample opportunity of displaying the virtues proper to their office when their present dictator Ministers lose or relinquish their grip. Here the Italian monarch has the easier task. The forms have been preserved, an effective alternative Government must, sooner or later, emerge from the party chaos, and the King's chief task will be to use his influence to ease the transition and avert savage reprisals.

King Alfonso will be faced by a more difficult problem. The Directory cannot last for ever; the Cortes must one day be summoned. His acceptance of the Directory has alienated the old political leaders; but General de Rivera has met with little success in his efforts to form a national, non-political, Parliamentary party to conduct the return to constitutionalism. (Politics without politicians has always been the soldier's notion of an ideal commonwealth.)

The amateur rulers of Spain have shown, amid a hundred blunders, a real and often well-directed zeal for good administration, justice, and economy. They lack the political sense and political experience required for framing a constitution. Among the constitutional politicians and the educated minority who back them, there must be many who envisage something better than a return to the old *rota* system. The problem of giving to Parliamentary government in Spain sufficient vitality and sufficient national savour to overcome the political apathy of the peasants, and make representative institutions truly representative, can only be solved by co-operation. The monarch will have an important part to play in bridging the gulf between the Directory and their opponents. It remains to be seen whether Alfonso possesses the qualities which this task will call for.

But it is impossible to withhold some sympathy from the two men who fill the principal rôles in an ironic comedy. Called to the throne as constitutional monarchs, they have been placed in a position where they can neither accept nor refuse the advice of their Ministers without violating their obligations, either in the letter or in the spirit. History will judge them less by the skill with which they avoid technical irregularities than by their sensitiveness to the undercurrents of national life and thought. They may well be pardoned for acquiescing in a dictatorship acquiesced in by the nation; they may yet be called on, by a wise use of their influence and their prerogative, to prevent the permanent dictatorship of a faction.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MOROCCO

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

FRANCE is faced with a difficult task in Northern Morocco. The Riffs are an ancient people who, in spite of many attempts by alien invaders, have remained in unconquered possession of their barren mountain territories for two thousand years. They are Moslems, divided into clans, austere, strictly religious, moral, and sober. They have fought the Spaniards with varying success since 1912. Abdel Krim, their leader, although belonging to a well-known family, was not a ruling chief. He was educated at the University in Madrid, and served for some years in the Spanish artillery. Quarrelling with the Spaniards, he returned to his native land, and with the aid of his brothers and the men of his own tribe has succeeded in welding together the warring clans into the semblance of a nation. Years of hard fighting have eliminated the inefficient Caid and brought to the fore the bravest and most efficient leaders amongst this brave and warlike people. Great quantities of munitions of all kinds have been captured from the Spaniards, and a good deal more smuggled into his country; in many cases, it is feared, with the connivance of the local French commanders.

That portion of the 1911 Algeciras settlement transferring the Riff territory to Spain was repugnant to French policy. And until France was attacked in her turn, she preserved an attitude of benevolent neutrality to the Riffs. A forward school, strong both in Paris and Morocco, has long coveted the whole of North-West Africa. This school was not particularly sorry to witness the Spanish reverses and withdrawal to the coastal strip. A section of the French Press then adopted the argument that, Spain having failed to pacify the Riff territories, the *status quo* was upset, and France had a clear mandate

to undertake the task. In the beginning of the present year, the French forces, both Native and European, in the northern part of the French zone, were heavily reinforced, and French posts were established to the north of the Wadi Wergha. The valley of this river is debatable ground, the frontier between the French and Spanish zones never having been accurately fixed. But what is certain is that this fertile valley provides one of the main sources of food supply to the mountains and a market for Riff products. This French advance, therefore, held a double threat for the Riffs and their allies, the Jabala tribe, occupying the Western part of the Spanish zone up to the international boundaries of Tangier. The threatened loss of this market and source of food was especially irritating, as the Spanish blockade has prevented access to the natural market of Tangier.

Abdel Krim, who is nothing if not a strategist, was not uninformed of the propaganda in a section of the French Press, or of the movements of French troops to the south in Morocco. Having disposed of the Spaniards for the time being, and holding large numbers of prisoners, including many officers belonging to the best families in Spain, as hostages, he secretly concentrated his harcas and struck at the scattered French line in the valley of the Wergha, effecting a complete surprise. A number of French posts fell into his hands, many of the tribes in the French zone rose in sympathy, and the French have been on the defensive ever since.

The full extent of the French losses has not been divulged. But the issue of official communiqués from the Front, and the usual stories of the heroism of French officers and men, and the atrocities committed by the enemy, have awakened awkward memories in the minds of all Frenchmen. The very phrases "retreat according to plan" and "our troops, having destroyed such war material as could not be removed, retired in good order," have an ominous ring about them, only too familiar in France.

It is reported that numbers of Moorish troops in the French Army proved unreliable, some actually deserting to their co-religionists and neighbours. It is said that the only reliable troops, apart from the Europeans, are the Algerian spahi's, who have behaved magnificently. Certain of these Moorish troops have seen service in Europe since the Armistice, and have been employed in the Rhineland and the Ruhr for the subjection of the German population. However high their opinion of Europeans before this experience, there is no doubt that the white man's prestige has suffered since.

No matter what the outcome of the present campaign, the dream of the French War Office of redressing the balance of numbers on the Continent of Europe by the use of a great Moorish conscript army, is likely to remain a dream. Any further success by Abdel Krim might interrupt the vital French communications with Algeria, and the situation would then be ugly. In any case a campaign of conquest of the Riff territory would prove long, costly, and unpopular in France. To-day in Paris the news from Morocco overshadows the reports of the conversations between the British Foreign Secretary and M. Briand for a Pact of Security. The French Treasury is not so full of money that unnecessary expense can be faced with composure; while the withdrawal of large numbers of French troops from the Rhine will provoke severe criticism in the French Chamber. Any French Government attempting to call up an extra class of conscripts or retain those already with the colours beyond the normal period would fall within a week.

Whatever the outcome of events in Morocco, British interests are vitally affected. It was our diplomacy

which established the Spanish sphere of influence over the Riffs in 1911. It was vital to the British Empire that neither the French nor the Germans should establish themselves on the southern shores of the Straits of Gibraltar. Ceuta is an ancient Spanish settlement, and is never likely to be given up. But if the French occupy the mountains above it in the course of their campaign, they will be tempted to stay there. Gibraltar would then be at the mercy of long-range artillery established in these same mountains, while aeroplane and submarine bases on this coast would threaten our shipping passing through the Mediterranean on the way to India and beyond. It is bad enough to have London at the mercy of the French bombing squadrons without this added menace.

The British Foreign Minister affects to speak of the Riffs as rebels, and the efforts to subdue them as the domestic affair of France and Spain. But the seriousness of the possibilities arising out of present events cannot remain long unrecognized in Whitehall.

Italy, as a Mediterranean nation, has an equal interest with ourselves in desiring to see no first-class Naval Power established on the southern shores of the Straits of Gibraltar.

Nor must we overlook the effect on the Moslem world generally of an attempt to obliterate the independence of another Moslem people. The spirit of nationalism is burning among the Moslems of the world as fiercely as in the days of Mahommed, the Moorish Caliphs, and Sulaiman the Magnificent. To-day Abdel Krim would be satisfied with the autonomy of the Riffs, free access to his natural markets, and non-interference with his people. To-morrow, he might with success preach a Holy War and rouse North Africa against all the European Imperialists. Prudence and statesmanship alike should urge British, French, and Spanish statesmen towards a peaceful settlement. Marshal Lyautey and his able band of administrators have performed a great task in settling Morocco proper, and making it into one of the fairest of the French Colonies. Rashness and swollen ambitions may lose all the fruits of these labours.

WESTMINSTER

LABOUR AND PROTECTION

By OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

THE cheerful idea of Mr. Winston Churchill that the Budget would pass practically without discussion had much to be said for it. The Labour Party has ceased to function as an Opposition, fissured into diverse elements which attack each other with the utmost violence, and for the moment it is off the map. The Chancellor has 400 supporters behind him who come up to Westminster in batches, and roam through the libraries, corridors, refreshment rooms, and terrace. Although perhaps a little bored, they will, when the bell rings, obey after the query put to one of their Whips: "Which lobby do we vote in?" Mr. Churchill has also the enormous heat which made a man who wished to put some small point on National Finance at the end shrug his shoulders and withdraw. And he has the knowledge of all that no argument at day or at night will make the slightest difference, so long as the Chief Whip will bring his big battalions to bear on the subject. Indeed, he had become so confidential and cheerful that he suddenly pitched, without notice, a second Budget, containing a Protective duty on lace, to add to his already burdened shoulders.

He reckoned, however, without the determination of the small band of Liberals, the members of his own former party, whom he seemed to regard as negligible because he had left them. Liberalism believes in govern-

ment by discussion, and even if it cannot change a clause or paragraph, it can at least show the full implications of what that clause or paragraph means. It can exhibit clumsiness of drafting, breach of promises, the full injury created by things which look as soft and as purry as a cat on a hearth. It can voice the appeal of the country and the interest of the poor and the trade to the country, apart from that of the Robots, who, like Mr. Chesterton's heathens, can "only look with heavy eyes and break with heavy hands." Consequently, day after day and night after night, refusing alike to be bullied or to be cajoled, a tiny body, battered by the effort, but still firm in determination, have discussed with intimate knowledge, and often to the complete overthrow of the Government spokesmen, such problems as artificial silk, the nature of dried fruits, the difference in the valuation of London and its provinces, where the lace trade buys its raw materials, in the spirit of the comrades of Ulysses of old, "made weak by time and fate, but strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find, not to yield."

Some of the leaders have been compelled to be absent, partly owing to by-elections. But Mr. Lloyd George has crashed in at the end, and when he speaks, like the famous mediæval chieftain, he is always at the head of the table. Most credit must, however, be given to Captain Wedgwood Benn, who possesses two remarkable Parliamentary qualities. The first is that he never speaks out of order, and has almost an uncanny power of drawing an opponent into a trap. The second is that although he annoys like a gadfly Labour Members who lust for sleep, a few Tory Robots who uneasily drowse through the afternoon, and Mr. Churchill himself, whom he is continually luring into statements of a disastrous nature, he yet seems to retain his popularity with all, is never greeted with shouts of "Divide!" and during his speeches even the ranks of those who hold lip-service to Mr. MacDonald never refrain from cheering. He has practically dominated the House during the last week, in the most remarkable achievement of recent times, and he has been nobly backed up by such men as Mr. Percy Harris, Major Crawford, Sir Archibald Sinclair (despite a serious accident), Mr. Hopkin Morris, Mr. Livingstone, Mr. Fenby, and other defiant stalwarts.

The first result of this Budget, therefore, is the extraordinary fall in the reputation of Mr. Churchill in the Tory and Protectionist Party. With rhetoric, repartee, good temper, and a power of force in language which have always been his qualities, he has also always lacked one quality more essential than any others—judgment; and day after day that lack of judgment has been manifest. Thus to a party which is hungrily Protectionist, with a majority which it will never have again, he exhibits Mr. Baldwin and his promise as the only barrier against the establishment of a tariff. Gently led on by Captain Benn to spread himself on Imperial preference, he announces with complacency that now the whole situation has changed, as the Conservative Party has abandoned Mr. Chamberlain's tariff system for all time. Captain Benn challenges the astonished Protectionist Robots whether this be true, and especially Chamberlain's two sons, and little Mr. Amery, who for a year has been traversing the country saying that they must be missionaries of the Chamberlain scheme. And the Robots make noises indicative of dissatisfaction, like those of the higher carnivora at the Zoological Gardens.

The extraordinary exhibition of the Labour Party has been one of the features of the week. Mr. Snowden, indeed, has made a series of attacks as courageous and effective as Mr. MacDonald's have been weak and unimpressive. And Mr. Mackinder, with personal knowledge on the silk duty, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Greenwood smashed the Tory grant to the super-tax payer with all the effectiveness of the Liberal opposition. But when Imperial preference was being discussed their ranks presented a dismal appearance, and while the Liberals looked on with surprise and the Tory Robots with amazement, these genial souls commenced to attack each other with the utmost vituperation. The Co-operators,

ably led by Mr. Alexander and Mr. Barnes, demanded the right still to purchase any food at any price in any market in the world. But Mr. David Kirkwood declared that wherever his language was understood his own kith and kin would respond to preference. And Mr. Thomas, whose head seems to have been unexpectedly turned by visits to South Africa and Jamaica, spoke not so much in advocacy of Protection as in contempt for those of his party who opposed it. It is curious that, almost while he was uttering these sentiments, General Smuts in South Africa was proposing a vote of censure on the Speaker there for cutting short the debate on a clause dealing with agricultural produce, an action which, proposed in not dissimilar circumstances by the Liberal Party, was condemned practically by the whole of Labour, led by the varying and disastrous humour of Mr. Clynes.

The most astonishing revelation was reserved for Monday night. As if loosed from a trap, the landed Robots were suddenly actively vocal in demanding assistance for agricultural land in connection with death duties. The secret of these ejaculations was revealed when it was discovered that Mr. Churchill had already agreed to hand over £500,000 to them, or about half of his expected surplus. There was a gasp of astonishment in the House, a fierce attack by Mr. Lloyd George, and a demand that this benefit should be set out in the Committee stage in order that it might be properly discussed. Under that demand, pressed by the leaders of both Opposition parties, Mr. Churchill had to give way. His position was made more miserable by the admission that, four days before, the Cabinet had agreed to this concession, so that while demands for the assistance of the poor, of industry, for mitigation of lace or silk taxes, had all been rejected on the ground that there was no money to provide for them, Mr. Churchill had all the time intended to give half a million in lessening of the death duties to agricultural landlords, while resisting all concessions on death duties to the small shopkeeper, the industrialist, and the man who has toiled with his own hands. The whole of the House which was not in the secret was amazed at this sudden emergence of a rabbit of half a million from the hat. It was pointed out that as this is a death-duty concession, the bulk of it would probably not go to the land at all, but to those who received legacies from landed property. And altogether, both in its nature and character, this appeared to put the lid on the most amateur and incoherent Budget of modern times.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE death of Arthur Christopher Benson is, to a few people, a loss which neither the many readers of his essays and biographies nor those who have met him at dinner or corresponded with him (and they are not a few) can begin to understand. As a letter-writer and companion he exposed a mind infinitely more alive, various, and entertaining than most of his literary work allows one even to suspect. As a friend he showed himself a strange personality, a fascinating study, full of contradictions and idiosyncrasies. Lavish of interest and affection, he was sparing of pity and sympathy: he hated people to be busy or depressed or ill: difficult, unapproachable characters made him impatient, although he never refused to give active help. Of the ways of passion he had little understanding, and it was a great joy to serve up, or invent, stories of hatred and rage and jealousy and see him raise his hands in shocked but delighted horror. Old men amused him very much, and he loved to encourage the garrulous and foolish, the pompous and lugubrious, but his humour seldom failed to extend to himself, and he would point out desiccated spinsters as the only readers of his books and confess with a twinkling eye that he often wept when he read

his own poems and sermons. He deplored the decay of good manners, and thought that no one had a right to interfere with the lives of others; he did not judge mankind. He was absurdly human (and lovable therefore), and the little vanities, good-humoured grumbings, and small acts of selfishness and despotism of an elderly bachelor were in him only endearing. All obstacles in the way of friendship he removed immediately, if his affection was once gained, and one was entirely unconscious of any inequality of age or position.

* * *

To stay with A. C. B. at Lamb House was a unique pleasure, almost a rite. After breakfast the single guest was confined in the "garden room" among the novels of Henry James to read and write and gaze from the Georgian window at the red roofs and cobbled streets of Rye. In the middle of the morning the Master would make a momentary, friendly appearance with a sheaf of illustrated papers and play a few autumnal chords or chants of psalms on the grand piano before returning to his incredible pile of letters. In the afternoon a taxi would deposit him and his companion at the edge of a wood or by a stream or sheep track, and he would limp forward in a loose flannel suit with a light cape and suede shoes on the coldest, muddiest day; peering into deserted gardens, examining weeds and flints, whistling to stray dogs, exploring every church and farm, and quoting from time to time a stanza of Tennyson or Patmore or his own poems. He had enjoyed rough shooting in his younger days, and would have much liked to have been a country squire with a small property. After tea he would again disappear, and write more of a new novel with feverish haste until the gong rang for dinner. He rejoiced in the tranquil routine and deplored the activities of Cambridge, yet the beginning of each term would find him back once more plunged in occupations, often of his own making, determined to be the busiest man in the college, asking undergraduates to lunch every day, writing speeches, addresses, sermons, obituary notices, and letters to the "Times," hurrying to London for a meeting of the Fishmongers or an English Association dinner, presenting prizes and examining architect's plans of additions and improvements to the college. Yet he would write to his friends twice a day, give rich gifts of notepaper, and upbraid less fluent correspondents.

* * *

The first thing to say about the Bengal Swarajist leader, C. R. Das, is that he was remarkably unlike the mythical being described last year by Lord Olivier (in quotation marks, it is true) as "second only to Gandhi himself in saintliness of character." Not sainthood, but political activity was his line. I met him first (writes one who knew him) when he was engaged in an exciting and perilous enterprise—the defence of the original batches of Bengali terrorists, caught when Minto was Viceroy. Das was then the rising criminal barrister in the Calcutta High Court. He was very clever and attractive, and was making money fast; but even thus early, as anyone could see, he was being drawn deeply into the Nationalism of the Left. He was financing newspapers and in other ways supporting the fierce young apostles without whose pioneer work Mahatma Gandhi's rise to power would not have been possible.

* * *

Das in those years was a worldling, who delighted in spending money in England. Gandhi transformed him. He became a non-co-operator, gave up his practice, used his wealth for the cause, and went to

prison for six months. Indians would not dispute the statement that the rich Bengali is, as a rule, rather "near" in the Scottish sense. C. R. Das was wonderfully generous, and his endowment of girls' education a few months ago was a public gift on the great scale. He believed in a revival of the old India; but Gandhi's rigorous abstention from political life was impossible for Das. He had to go back, and as a tactician he played the Mahatma off the stage last year. As the first Indian Mayor of Calcutta, he had learned the absurdity of non-co-operation, and in the Bengal Council that obstruction was futile. Unquestionably, he would have made terms with the Government. He was fifty-five, an age which, for the professional men of India, is equivalent to seventy-five for ours. Diabetes is their enemy. No class in the world has so much reason to welcome the discovery of Insulin, or to dismiss as fantastic the Gandhist condemnation of Western surgery and medical research.

* * *

The changes which Mr. Baldwin is making at the Colonial Office recall a somewhat similar operation which took place at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries some years ago. A section of the fishing industry, under the impression that their interests were being neglected for those of agriculture, had been agitating for a separate Ministry of Fisheries; and they were highly delighted when the appointment of a Deputy Minister of Fisheries, with a Permanent Fisheries Secretary, was announced. Delight changed to disappointment and resentment, however, when it was discovered that the whole thing was pure camouflage; the Deputy Minister being only the Parliamentary Secretary under another name, and the "Assistant-Secretary in Charge of the Fisheries Division" becoming "Fisheries Secretary" without even a rise in his salary. It is to be hoped that the Dominions, to please whom the Colonial Office changes have obviously been made, will not suffer a like disillusionment. In this case it is true that there is to be an extra Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Dominion Affairs, but the rest of the business seems likely to boil down to mere nomenclature.

* * *

It is a very remarkable tribute to the prestige and the impartiality of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society that both the landowner and the local councils should have accepted its arbitration on the dispute relating to the foot and bridle paths across Mr. Maconochie's great estate at Cudham and Chelsfield. Over thirty rights of way were concerned, and had the dispute gone into the Courts the expenses of litigation would have been enormous. The settlement must be peculiarly gratifying to Lord Eversley, the first chairman and one of the principal founders of the Society, who celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday on June 12th. The interview he gave to a representative of the "Times" was of unusual interest in its reminiscences of the long struggle by which the remaining common lands of England and Wales have been saved for the public, and no fewer than four hundred enclosers compelled to disgorge. The battle over Banstead Common, to take a single instance, lasted for seventeen years, and such a tribute to the Society's position as that above referred to presents a singular and instructive contrast to the bitterness and pertinacity with which it was, at first, opposed. Yet such recent cases as those of Stonehenge and Holm-bury Hill show that the need for vigilance has not passed, and it is to be hoped that the appeal for financial support which the Society is now making, after sixty years of devoted and valuable public service, will meet with a ready response.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE"

SIR,—In your issue of June 13th, Professor Gilbert Murray appears to suggest that the supposed Pact for guaranteeing the frontiers of Germany and France is the line of least resistance, and is likely to bring about a permanent Peace in Europe. His line of argument is a little difficult to follow. He tells us that the unwillingness to make sacrifices on the part of the British Empire has been the cause of the rejection of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance and the Geneva Protocol.

There would seem to be something more than an unwillingness to make sacrifices, viz., the appreciation of the great danger which the British Empire would run, if it committed itself to the wide obligations of the Pact of Mutual Assistance, the Protocol, or the present proposed Pact. He thinks little of the danger of the sanctions provided in these various plans. He says that it is a hundred to one that they will never be wanted. But is this really so? We entered an entente with France and Russia against Germany and Austria, but this did not prevent war.

The Treaty of Versailles has left Europe with many more causes of war than before. The fatal defect of all these plans is, that they would stereotype the existing condition of Europe and the Treaty of Versailles, and make change not easier, but more difficult.

It is to be hoped in the interests of permanent Peace that one of the greatest means of bringing about a better state of things will be the influence of the British Empire constantly exerted in the direction, as and when opportunity offers, of modifying the dangerous provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

Professor Gilbert Murray seems to have little appreciation of the fact that all these Pacts place us at the mercy of forces which we cannot control. We accept unlimited liability, and we have no power of veto on the policies which may render that liability actual.

We have no power to control the actions of France; events since the war have made that perfectly clear. In time of perfect Peace, and against our strong protest, France invaded the Ruhr, and it is certain that had Germany the power at that time, she would have resisted, which would have meant war, and we should have had to join France, after France had taken the step which led to war. There are other instances of a similar character in which the French have refused to give any consideration to our wishes. The fact is, France, when she has our guarantee, feels that she can act with impunity against any other Power, and is encouraged to do so by our guarantee, while we, the people of this country, have to bear the consequences.

But what of our Dominions? Are they going to assume these liabilities with us, or are they going to refuse? Everything points to their absolute refusal to undertake such liabilities. They refused the Protocol on these grounds, as they saw that its terms might automatically commit them to war.

It has already become clear to foreign observers, who have given great attention to this point, that Britain cannot undertake as an Empire to guarantee frontiers on the Continent of Europe, for to do so must lead to a break-up of the Empire. The difficulty for the British Empire is, that she has interests in all the continents of the world, and she cannot possibly beforehand enter into obligations to take part in disturbances which might arise in any of these continents. If this has become clear to Continental observers, I think it will become doubly clear to ourselves, if we give the proper time and attention to thinking out the consequences of the Pact proposed.

Both the Army and Navy would have to be increased to gigantic dimensions, and the burden of such obligations would crush the people of this or any other country. These considerations seem to have been forgotten by the authors of the Pact of Mutual Assistance and the Protocol.

If Europe is likely, as Professor Gilbert Murray seems to fear, to unite in a peaceful confederation, we should surely welcome this, and work in harmonious co-operation with such a federation. The British Empire is already a peaceful federation, and her interest is to see the quarrels of the Continent appeased, not to keep these quarrels open

or to prolong them or make them worse by taking part in them.

The policy of this country until it was changed early in 1906 was to avoid Continental alliances and entanglements. The reasons for this were most forcibly explained by Disraeli and by Gladstone. If this was the case when there were no Dominions to be consulted, how much stronger is the argument for freedom from Continental entanglements when we have become a federation of free States, the majority of whom, rightly, refuse to be drawn automatically into the quarrels of the Continent.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY A. MOLTENO.

10, Palace Court, London, W.2.

June 15th, 1925.

THE RURAL CLERGY

SIR,—The repeated interest shown by your contributor "H. C." in the work of the clergy who serve England's green and pleasant countryside stimulates me to try and supplement his observations.

It must be borne in mind by those who study the present work of the Church that its activities are now more social than ecclesiastical. This was not formerly so. In the seventeenth century, for example, a real general interest existed in theological and ecclesiastical subjects, and the first duty of an ordination candidate was to be qualified to guide his flock in such matters. Hence the attention paid in those days to academic distinction and to orthodoxy.

Nowadays, however, village life is centred upon the series of social and athletic fixtures which constitute its yearly round, and there are many places in which the clergy throw themselves heartily into all these activities and are successful enough in their endeavours to "keep the people together." It is true they often complain that their flocks are unspiritual, and prefer social gatherings to divine service. This is because they have so often been ill-taught at their theological colleges, and do not adequately realize the fundamental part which social life plays in the Christian religion. It is also true that an educated man who gives his life to organizing social activities of this kind loses his intellectual interests unless he is rich enough to travel and take constant short holidays. Hence the mental torpor which "H. C." has so often to regret.

Few village parsons are well-equipped for a discussion of religious subjects, but seldom is there any call for any such discussion from their flocks. "H. C." is a rare bird in the countryside, and serious thought is a recreation for which there is little opportunity outside London and the university towns. This is a pity, but it is true; and one consequence thereof is that a young curate's intellectual powers, such as they are, have no opportunity of development, but become atrophied through disuse, so that he becomes actually afraid of new ideas.

The modern parson's greatest difficulty is on Sunday. Formerly nearly everywhere devoted to church attendance, Sunday is now so no longer, and does not seem likely ever to be again. Formerly whole families everywhere attended church as a matter of course; there was nothing else to do, and respectability required it. Sunday games were seldom ventured upon in those days, and movement was limited to walking distance. The church service might be unattractive; the prayers were longer than at present, the music worse, and the sermons even more unsuitable. But there was no other way of passing the day. Now there is plenty to do on Sundays, so that it is only in places like Bournemouth or Harrogate, where there are many leisured folk who are not attracted by modern Sunday recreations, that the churches are still regularly filled. Elsewhere there are good congregations only on great days, such as Easter Day or the Harvest Home, or for some special event like the Bach recital which our enterprising choir gave us the other day.

Our empty churches may not signify any decline in real religion, but they are depressing to the clergy, who can seldom afford to dispense with the stimulus of appreciation. Again, "H. C." is right enough about the obsolete philosophy of many prayers and hymns. Unfortunately the old-fashioned folk who form the bulk of our small congregations do not want anything changed; while whether any revised service will recover the tennis-players and motor-cyclists is very problematical.—Yours, &c.,

COUNTRY PARSON

"THE PROBLEMS OF BIRTH-CONTROL"

SIR,—Will you permit me, as one who enjoyed the privilege of several conversations with the late Professor Paul Bureau, to make two comments on the excellent review of his book in your issue of June 6th under the above title?

(1) Your reviewer speaks of Prof. Bureau as "an ardent nationalist." This, I fancy, may mislead some readers of *THE NATION*. Prof. Bureau was an associate of M. Marc Sangnier in the Catholic democratic and pacifist movement and very definitely opposed to what is usually regarded in this country as French nationalism. On the title-page of my copy of "*L'Indiscipline des Mœurs*" he has inscribed himself (quite accurately) "*un bon et vieil ami du British Nation*."

(2) The reviewer suggests that in the matter of the practicability of married continence for ordinary people, "M. Bureau, for all his manifest sincerity, has allowed his strong and emotional prepossessions to cloud his judgment." I am sure this is not so, for I have never met a man whose judgment was less at the mercy of his emotions than Paul Bureau. He knew the difficulties and the inevitable failures, but held firmly that the evils were less than those involved in any artificial contraception. Your readers may think him right or wrong, but it was not an emotional judgment. He was always a realist.—Yours, &c.,

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

50, Brookfield, N.6.
June 9th, 1925.

"MR. BELLOC"

SIR,—You ask me if I can indicate in Mr. Woolf's article anything amounting to an attack upon, or an ill-natured grimace at, Catholicism.

I pointed out in my first letter that what Mr. Ranken Hayes calls an attack on the Catholic Church is merely an ill-natured grimace. What I meant was that the whole

article is very much prejudiced against the Catholic point of view. I will give as one instance of an unfair method of criticism Mr. Woolf's remark that there are only two living people who are praised in this book (the statement is inaccurate), one of whom is Mussolini, who restored crucifixes to the schools and insisted upon the official world hearing Mass. Mr. Woolf suppresses the praise given to Dean Inge.

I say again that the article is not a review of the "*Cruise of the 'Nona'*," but our old friend (in his old clothes) anti-Catholic prejudice.—Yours, &c.,

J. B. MORTON.

Authors' Club, Whitehall Court, S.W.
June 15th, 1925.

MR. SWIFT MACNEILL AND MR. RUSKIN

SIR,—As one intimately connected with Mr. Ruskin—he was my father's friend—and in full possession of the facts of the short engagement of Miss Rosie Latouche with John Ruskin, will you allow me to endorse your correspondent's contradiction, in the issue of May 30th, of Mr. Swift MacNeill's rather random statement of his opinion, which *d'ailleurs* is held by a great many outsiders, that the man who adored Rosie was responsible for her so early death? The responsibility of that death, medically speaking, rests with her parents or, maybe, her doctor. The relations of Rosie with Ruskin, after she came to what is called woman's estate, were furthermore complicated by the intrusion of a personage whose devious life I am engaged in writing.

Rosie was engaged to Ruskin, in the ordinary social acceptance of the word, for over a year. His severe illness dated from its breaking off. His letters to her have been in my childish hands. He sent them to my mother to read.

His letters to her were stolen.—Yours, &c.,

VIOLET HUNT.

80, Campden Hill Road, London, W.8.
June 16th, 1925.

PAUL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE."

CHAPTER V.*

WHEN Paul rode into the inn at Modin the first person he saw, in one of the rooms under the arches of the arcade that ran round the courtyard, was Fortunatus the Greek, who sat on a saddle-bag pulled to the edge of the platform, a position from which he could overlook the whole khan. The room behind him was piled with bales, his horses and mules were settled for the night in the stalls under the opposite arches, and below him in the dust the unloaded camels lay in easy rest, chewing the cud, each beast secured by a tourniquet screwed round one flexed front knee.

The Greek was talking to someone who sprawled on a bale of wool, half hidden in the dusk of the windowless room, but he broke off when he saw Paul and hailed him loudly:

"Hullo! How late you are! I told my men to keep stalls for your mules. Come up here. The others have gone to see the Monument, but I waited for you."

Paul slipped from his saddle and gave the reins to the head man. He was hot and dirty. They had climbed down and down all afternoon into hotter country, leaving behind the breezes on the heights from which they could see the sea, and dropping to the plain in which Modin stood half way up its mound. The worst descent had been the one when the road, bad as it was, had faded away into a track which in one place was only the face of the rock with a torrent racing across it.

"What a wonderful ride, and how lovely the flowers are!" cried the Greek.

"Are there flowers? I never saw them," Paul replied, surprised. He dropped his cloak round him to hide his legs. From his earliest youth he had hated

strangers to see how crooked they were. It did not matter when people knew you. He waddled a little as he crossed the corner of the yard and, avoiding a snap from a sour-faced camel, mounted the step to the alcove in which Fortunatus sat. The air was heavy with scent and the place buzzed with flies.

"How stiff you are! So am I," said the Greek; and turning to his companion, he said: "Pull down a wool bale for him."

The other man reached up a long arm and pulled down a bale, which he pushed across to Paul.

"This is Jannes the perfumer," Fortunatus went on, as Paul with a word of thanks sank on to the soft bale of wool, sniffing the scent that filled the air. "It is his balsam you smell. He's been abusing me all day because I rode a mule."

"Neither of you would be stiff if you had ridden camels," Jannes replied. He was a young man with a new, young beard, and a hard, shaved mouth cut straight across his face. Paul was reminded of somebody . . . or something. "Is this your first visit to Judea?" he asked politely.

"Yes," Jannes replied, "I came from Egypt to buy balsam from the orchards at Jericho. I'm buying drugs and spices too."

"Everybody cleans their teeth now with powders from abroad. He's made a new one of Arabian drugs," Fortunatus put in.

"I hope that you like Judea?" Paul asked. Why did the man remind him of home . . . of sunset and his father's summer villa on the hills above Tarsus?

"It is not so barbarous as I was led to believe," Jannes admitted. "But camels are the only beasts for your roads. Here are these people almost dead with fatigue and I am as fresh as if I'd sat all day at my ease

* Chapter I. appeared in *THE NATION* on March 7th and 14th; Chapter II. on April 11th and 18th; Chapter III. on May 9th and 16th; and Chapter IV. on May 23rd.

in a chair. You don't feel the motion of a dromedary. He walks with such long, regular strides."

"You'd think none of us had ever ridden a camel but yourself," Fortunatus said crossly. "I hate the ugly beasts with their ungracious minds. Their smell makes me sick. We got into the middle of them to-day and I was nearly stifled. Their humps were like walls shutting us in. The mule didn't like it either. We got out as soon as we could."

Jannes laughed. ("What an unpleasant laugh!" Paul thought.)

"I didn't know that a camel had a mind. If his paces are good, that is enough for me," he said. Paul, watching his face, began to think of a flock of goats . . . sunset on the hills above Tarsus. . . . The goats marched together driven by a goatherd in skins. . . . Their clear, shining eyes could see behind as well as in front. Their mouths were straight and thin, and their little beards hung down under their chins. Those pale, prominent eyes had a mocking, contemptuous stare. . . . Why, of course! The man was just like a goat. . . . So that was why he had thought of home!

"If you are in a hole a horse will try to get you out of it. He has a gallant mind," the Greek was speaking. "A mule has character too . . . even if it's mostly vicious. . . . But a camel has a mean mind. He wants to do you an injury. Oh, isn't it hot?" He broke off suddenly. "What wouldn't I give for a drink of water cooled with snow! Let us go up the hill and see the monument."

"Is it worth seeing?" asked Jannes.

"Worth seeing?" echoed the Greek. "Why, don't you know how good some of the things here are? Haven't you seen the Temple?"

"I looked at the outside. Not bad. I didn't bother to go inside. You must remember that I'm accustomed to the Temples of Egypt," Jannes replied.

"Foreigners are only allowed in the Outer Courts. They are forbidden the Inner Courts. If they are found there the penalty is death," Paul said coldly. Had the man always a sneer on his face?

"But there isn't anything to be seen inside, is there? Aren't you Jews atheists, and isn't your Holy Place empty? I thought that no God had an image there?" Jannes asked.

"We worship the one true God. What intellect could form an image of Him?" Paul replied.

"It's nonsense to say the Jews are atheists," said the Greek. "I always contradict that when I hear it. They may not have a Temple filled with Gods in feathers and scales . . . or even fur skins . . ." he winked at Paul, "but the God of the Jews will do more for them than the bull, or the goat, or the crocodile, or the cat, or the dog-faced baboon will do for you. Isn't that so?" he asked Paul.

"I am tired of your foolish jests," Jannes interrupted angrily. "What do either of you know of my religion? You can only see the outside, and yet you talk as if you knew all about it."

"I know all I want to know," said Fortunatus.

"I have not spoken of your religion, and I make no jest of any man's worship," Paul said. "I confess I know little of yours, but false religions are all alike. The religion of the Jews is as high above them as the one true God is above the brutes you worship. No Jew could entertain such a wicked notion as imagining the Deity in the likeness of wild beasts or cattle of the field."

"It is not the image but the power that we worship," Jannes said eagerly. "We know that the greatest of the Gods is the sun . . . Ra, the Lord of Life who gives virility to men, but we adore him in the form of a lion because of its strength, and as a bull and a ram because of their fertility."

"Disgusting!" Paul declared. "The true God is high above such lusts. Images of him imagined from the wilderness and the farm are vile."

"But you must have some image," Jannes remonstrated.

"I tell you No!" replied Paul. "How can you make a likeness of the Creator out of things he has himself created? God has forbidden men to fall down before images of anything he has made, whether in the sky, or sea, or on the earth. He can be seen by the mind alone. All other worship is indecent."

"Indecent! Why, our religion is the oldest in the world, and we were never given those commands." Jannes was losing his temper again.

"You would not listen to them when they were given. God gave them to Moses," Paul said, but Jannes broke in indignantly:

"Moses! But Moses was an Egyptian priest. I know all about him. He invented the Jews' religion."

"Moses was not an Egyptian," Paul contradicted, but Jannes was now too angry to listen.

"He was a ruffian anyhow. He and his people were put out of Egypt. They came from Ethiopia . . . a disgusting race with loathsome diseases. Our King consulted the Oracle of Ra and was told to exterminate them. They were detested by the Gods. And to this day the Jews sacrifice rams to show their contempt of Ra."

"We do nothing of the kind," Paul said hotly.

"We sacrifice rams because when God tested Abraham and told him to sacrifice his only son Isaac, Abraham was ready to obey, and God was pleased and allowed him to sacrifice a ram instead. . . . We are not Ethiopians."

"I don't care what you are . . . I never heard of Abraham"—the Egyptian had quite lost his temper. "I only know that Moses told his people not to trust to any of our Gods but only to him. . . . Just like a Jew. They always think they know everything."

"I thought you said he was an Egyptian priest and an inventor of religions?" Fortunatus inquired.

"I don't care what I said. You are always against me. We kicked them out of Egypt, anyway," Jannes said sulkily, throwing himself back against the bales of wool in the shadow.

"You think every man an enemy who tells you the truth," said the Greek, and then, ignoring Jannes, he turned to Paul. "I thought the Jews came from Assyria and had no country of their own?"

"Our father Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldees. It was to him that God made the promises. We have always had the same religion. Men may invent false religions, but the one true religion was given to us by a special revelation." Paul spoke more quietly. He must learn to put a curb on his temper, he thought. He had always been too passionate. It was not the way to make the truth irresistible.

"I wonder if philosophers have special revelations? Perhaps they invent their philosophy," Fortunatus said doubtfully. Before Paul had time to reply, Jannes leant forward on his wool bale, emerging suddenly from the dusk, and interjected scornfully:—

"The one true religion! Why, the Jews in Alexandria have a regular shop for the invention of new religions."

"I don't think you know much about it," Fortunatus replied tartly. "You say you worship the sun, and now it seems that the God of the Jews created your God."

"He did nothing of the kind," Jannes said furiously. "But if another nation holds anything sacred the Jews are sure to spit on it. If we think an act impure, that is enough for them. Some Jew goes and does it at once."

"It must be impure if an Egyptian refuses it," said Fortunatus.

"We may be bad, but we are nothing to the Greeks. Why, the things you told me of Corinth . . ."

"Don't get excited again. It is far too hot, and what has impurity to do with it?" the Greek interrupted aggravatingly.

"It has everything to do with it," Paul put in sternly. "Men excuse their own vices when they are taught that their Gods practise wickedness too. Wickedness cannot come from God, but the Gentiles themselves describe their Gods as murderers and adulterers, foolish and drunken, even polluted by unnatural vice."

"He's getting at your Gods now. Serves you right," said Jannes maliciously.

"There is something in what he says." Fortunatus spoke quite seriously. "Some of the tales of our Gods are not to their credit. I can't believe that gods and heroes and demi-gods are no better than men. But when you Egyptians produce the sun and claim he is a God it shows you know nothing of philosophy. I have heard philosophers say that the sun is only soil and stones. How could a God be made of earth? Your religion is too mixed for me. In these days when men deny the very existence of the Gods I want something more reasonable. If I had not my living to make I should take to philosophy."

"Philosophy will not bring you salvation," said Paul.

"Salvation? What do you mean by that? Is it the eternal life that you said you would tell me about?"

"Yes," said Paul. "Eternal life, which is the Gift of God."

Jannes sat straight up.

"Gift? Do you mean to say that your priests will allow you to have it for nothing?"

"Our priests have no power in the matter." Paul pulled himself up. What about Jonathan and his problems? But the priests never claimed that they could give a man eternal life. "It is given by God at his own pleasure if we obey the Law," he added firmly.

"I can't believe it. . . . Our priests charge for every ear and eye. . . . Did you say you can get it as a gift?" Jannes asked.

"If you fulfil the Law," said Paul.

"Oh, the Jewish Law . . ." Jannes's voice was scornful again.

The muleteers had stalled their mules long since, and had carried water from the spring outside the loose stone wall of the inn. The moon had risen, and in its light, now as bright as day, the head man was crossing the yard, picking his steps amongst the sleeping camels.

"You promised to tell me about it. Let us go up the hill. It will be cool there and this moon will last for hours," said the Greek.

The head man balanced Paul's saddle-bag on the edge of the platform, and stood in the yard below. He had got a room above the portico at the other side of the inn, he said. Paul rose.

"I will go and wash first. We could only find sand before the sunset prayer. If you will go on up the hill I will follow you," he said to the Greek.

He pulled his tunic through his girdle and jumped down into the rubbish beneath. The head man picked up the bag again and led the way across the yard. As Paul followed him between the camels, he heard the mocking voice of the Egyptian.

"Why, look at him! His legs are like the horns of the moon."

"Hush! He will hear," Paul heard Fortunatus expostulate.

"I don't care if he does. I hate Jews. Swarming all over the world, taking the bread out of the mouths of honest men. He could wash those legs in a cornucopia."

Paul heard no more. The muleteer had turned out of the yard, and with a lump in his throat Paul followed him round the corner of the wall and out of earshot.

(To be continued.)

THE MINERS

THE miners of whom I write live their whole lives beneath the ground, digging and excavating, driving tunnels and galleries in all directions, dark shafts and tubes of many ramifications, along which the owners scuttle to and fro. Here they dwell, these miners that never see the sun, and all we know of their busy lives are the mounds of soil about the meadow, those results of their labours which we dub "mole hills." The moles (for my miners are but moles,

known to the countryman as "unts" or "moldi-warps") have to get rid of the soil they excavate, and those heaps of red earth upon the green turf are equivalent to the pit mounds of a mining district; they tell of underground workings, of a subterranean world, and of an existence of which we can have little conception.

Long before man took to burrowing in the ground the mole had become a miner, and through the long ages evolution has perfected him for his trade, until now he is one of the most wonderful examples of specialization and adaptation to a peculiar environment. His short neck is sunk between his shoulders, so that his body is a small cylinder that fits his tunnel as neatly as a tube coach fits a London tube; his forefeet, which are peculiarly shaped and flattened for digging, stick out sideways from his body, so that he may get a better purchase on the walls of his galleries; his fur is short, thick velvet, which repels damp, and to which soil does not adhere; and last, but not least, this miner, having no use for eyes, has given them up. For practical purposes the mole is blind. I say for practical purposes because it is possible it can distinguish light from darkness; it may be conscious of the glow of day should one of its workings cave in, or when it pays one of its rare visits to the surface, as it has the vestiges of eyes, but these are the merest specks, not as big as a pin's head, buried deep beneath its thick fur, and in some cases even sealed beneath the skin. They are but remnants of the day when the mole was as other animals and a dweller in the light.

Yet though blind and living in the tomb, as we may conceive it, there is no reason to suppose the mole needs pity, for its tunnels are the scenes of battle and love-making, fierce hunting and strenuous deeds. Moles belong to the *Insectivora*, an order which embraces some of the most vital and intense of living creatures. Were lions and tigers as fierce and strenuous in comparison with their size as are the shrews and moles, this world would soon be cleared of human beings. If the shrews are the most strenuous of all animals, and I think they are, then moles come a good second. Though blind, their other senses are keen; their nose is most sensitive, their hearing is excellent, and they are instantly aware of vibrations in the soil. They have rapid digestions, and in consequence are most voracious, a great part of their time being spent in hunting down the earthworms upon which they live. "Worms and yet more worms" is their motto, as they grab a fresh one with the fury and zest of a tiger, shaking it and tearing it with a ferocity unbelievable. Yet greater fury animates them when they meet in combat, and fight they will if unknown to each other, fight like bulldogs, clinging to each other with tooth and claw in frantic hate.

I have several times kept moles in captivity to study their ways; no easy task on account of the difficulty of getting sufficient earthworms for them; and I shall never forget two or three mole-fights we had, though in each instance one combatant was but a corpse. My brother would bring in a dead mole, take it to the cage wherein the captive dwelt, and hold it near the snug nest which the mole had made for itself. The effect was instantaneous. A pink, quivering nose would appear through the leaves and grass; a second later the mole would rise out of its bed, sniff round with an eager air, and then spring towards the intruding corpse. Grabbing it, it would worry it with an extraordinary ferocity, gaining fresh fury every time my brother shook the body.

Once our moles had become accustomed to their new surroundings, which consisted of a glazed cage with a few inches of soil at the bottom, with leaves and grass

for bedding, they were very fearless, and most interesting to watch. They soon learnt that a slight tap on the cage meant more worms, and would come at once to get them. They ate an enormous amount of these, some sixty or more average-sized ones in the twenty-four hours, and the supply was a serious matter, especially at the end of a few weeks, when all good worm-ground had been dug over several times.

My moles were very amusing about their bed-making, for each one was most particular to build itself a snug nest of grass and leaves, collecting the material in a corner of the cage, and arranging it with great care.

In a wild state the nest will be found under one of those extra large hillocks known as the "fortress" or "palace." This mound is traversed by many galleries, and has a large central chamber in which is the nest. Though no two "fortresses" will agree in all their details, there is one particular that is always the same, namely, the bolt hole beneath the nest. At the bottom of the sleeping chamber, directly under the bed, a shaft goes down into the ground, serving the double purpose of an exit in case of danger and a drain to the nest.

No doubt at times that bolt hole is useful, for even in the mole's underground world danger walks abroad, generally taking the shape of the little red weasel. This tiny hunter often finds his way into the mole's runs, slipping along the narrow tunnels like a snake, pursuing his fell sport with as much zest in the darkness as the light; yet whether he takes heavy toll of the miners may be doubted. Moles have a peculiar smell, and are distasteful to most carnivorous creatures. Dogs and foxes will not eat them, but if they kill one, they roll on the corpse and leave it. The only exception is the buzzard, which bird of prey appears to like moles, for it brings them to the nest to feed its young. It has long been a mystery to me how the buzzard contrives to catch them. We know how chary the mole is of venturing up into the daylight, and the buzzard most certainly cannot dig, but the explanation probably lies in the mole's liking for a good bed. Leaves and grass for nest-making have to be fetched from the surface, and in districts where there are buzzards, are only fetched at the peril of the mole's life. Can we wonder that the mole clings to his subterranean world! With its far-extending passages it is not such a limited one either—there are the "trunk lines" going far across the meadows, by which the moles travel from point to point, and the side tunnels, often traversing ditches, bushes, and fences, which are everlastingly being extended, for they are the feeding grounds. Pushing and digging, with those wonderful paws and that immensely strong back, the mole works his way through the soil, and gets rid of the earth he has loosened by pushing it up to the surface. When we see the meadows thickly dotted with red heaps we can guess what busy little people have been working down below.

FRANCES PITT.

THE DRAMA

FARQUHAR AT CAMBRIDGE

THE Cambridge A.D.C. is to be congratulated on the enterprise shown in producing "The Beaux' Stratagem" during May week and on the very creditable and vivacious performance given. "The Beaux' Stratagem," the last play written by Farquhar, saw the light in 1707, the year of the author's unhappy death. Thus he is among the last of the "Restoration" comic writers. But a great difference of outlook separates him from his colleagues. Congreve and Wycherley, to a less degree even Dryden and Vanbrugh (though to these two there clings a faint perfume of

Bohemianism), were men of fashion. They look out on the world from within. Farquhar, on the contrary, always looked into the world from without. The son of a penniless Irish clergyman, sent down from Trinity College, Dublin, for a profane jest on the miracle of walking on the water, he was essentially an enemy of the comfortable classes. He reminds us of another Irish dramatist, Mr. Shaw, in his Voltairean wit, his contempt for British enthusiasms, and his dislike of humbug and compromise. For all his high-spirited Shakespearean humour (for, like Vanbrugh, his affinities are with Shakespeare rather than with Ben Jonson), we feel that he was an unhappy man for whom life was a battle, one who had no assured position in society, no sedate pillow on which to lay his head. He was the naughty boy of the contemporary drama. His active life was spent during the war of the Spanish Succession, but we cannot detect in "The Beaux' Stratagem" or "The Recruiting Officer" the slightest enthusiasm for this magnificent war to end war. Religion, established or otherwise, meant little to Farquhar. He remained to the end the blasphemous undergraduate who had been sent down from Trinity.

"ARCHER: Come, Rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

"GIBBET: Sir, I have no prayer at all: the Government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions."

But he could be serious when he willed, and in an unexpected way, as when he insists at the end of "The Beaux' Stratagem" that marriage should be a mingling of true minds, not a soldering of incompatible bodies.

So Farquhar was a very modern character, endowed neither with a very powerful intellect nor an exquisite sensibility, but full of verbal wit and healthy scepticism. His was a simple, rompish, farcical art, and the Cambridge production was properly conceived by Mr. Beves in this spirit. The setting was elegant and practical, and the performance went with delightful speed. The women particularly shone, which was a great achievement for undergraduates, in something so essentially feminine as this Restoration comedy. Both Mr. Hill as Dorinda and Mr. Browne as Mrs. Sullen gave excellent performances, natural and unaffected. Mr. Goodden was very funny in the purely farcical part of the Highwayman, and Mr. Mackenzie highly droll as the servant Scrub. Here the actor's fitted into the producer's sensible conception of the play. Unfortunately, Mr. Arundell cut right across this unity with a rendering of Archer that came straight from Hammersmith. Personally, I much object to the view that Congreve was a modish author in the sense that Sheridan was, but to endow Farquhar, as straightforward an Ishmaelite as ever breathed, with modishness is fantastic, and the introduction of the familiar giggles, cane-waving, and general *chi-chi* on to the boards of the A.D.C. was most unhappy. Mr. Arundell was a far more competent actor than the majority of the cast, but surely we might be allowed one theatre in England where an ounce of artistic sensibility is worth more than a pound of imperceptible slickness.

But this, however, was the only blot on an otherwise delightful performance, and perhaps all the more irritating on that account. The play was received with great enthusiasm, and should send many people back to an unduly neglected author, who brings what the French call the Fronde spirit into English literature. Few passages in our comic drama are more witty and theatrical than the Catechism of Love in Act II. of "The Beaux' Stratagem," and few satires more salutary than the attack on swashbuckling that runs through "The Recruiting Officer." Farquhar would be a disturbing influence in the lives of many respectable persons, and a pricker of many romantic bubbles. He is delightful, not only as a felicitous wit, but as an impish puller-off of pompous periwigs.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

MR. NOEL COWARD'S "Hay Fever" at the Ambassador's Theatre is a thoroughly amusing play, and if anyone wants an evening's entertainment, I advise him or her to go and see it. At first it sticks just the least little bit, but once Mr. Coward warms up, he keeps his audience on the titter or on the laugh, until the last curtain. It is all most skilful fooling, with just sufficient flavour of verbal wit to make us feel that we are rather clever—but never too clever, never passing over into that terrible thing "highbrowedness," or that still more terrible thing, seriousness. The Bliss family have the right amount of fantasticality to start us laughing, and we go on laughing at them and at their unfortunate week-end guests for the full space of two hours. It is all very bright, and, as Mr. Coward himself said, as clean as a whistle. Mr. Coward can certainly write an entertaining play, but he has limitations: he does not seem able to draw a real character, and he lacks anything like full-bodied wit. Miss Marie Tempest was superb as Judith Bliss, and the rest of the cast played up to her nobly.

Mr. D. A. Barber's "Raleigh," which has just been produced by the Stage Society, is rather a tiresome play, being quite unnecessarily long, and incompetent in a particularly disastrous way. Movement is lacking, and all the dialogue is repeated twice, and in some cases three times, over. The first two acts could have easily been compressed into one. This is unfortunate, as there is something very agreeable in the quality of Mr. Barber's mind. The last two acts, dealing with Raleigh's fatal expedition to Trinidad and his death on his return to England, were considerably more successful. But it is difficult to know to what extent we were stirred by the play on its own merits, and to what extent by the associations evoked. Mr. Nicholas Hannan acted very well indeed in the title-rôle, the only serious part in the play. If the rest of the cast was not very interesting, it may have been that the parts were not very interesting either. It is doubtful whether the chronicle play, much as it has appealed to ages far more intelligent than our own, can be any longer a tolerable form of theatrical expression.

The mentality of successful lawyers has long puzzled observers. Dizzy described it for ever—"always expounding the obvious, illustrating the self-evident, expatiating on the commonplace." Sir Patrick Hastings, whose play "The River" has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre, is one of these successful lawyers. It is my fate as a dramatic critic to sit through a good many silly entertainments, but rarely have I seen anything as puerile as "The River." This leads us back to the original query—Why is the legal mind so much more sophisticated than any other? Not even the soot of politics can fleck the snow of its innocence. "The River" flows on its inevitable course during three acts, without for a moment becoming adult or attaining the unexpected. The whole play is lit up by a naïf veneration for the upper classes, which is now rarely to be found even on the stage. Is the ex-Attorney-General speaking for his party on this matter?

"Helen of the High Hand," produced by the Playaday Players at the King's, Hammersmith, should be played very swiftly if it is to be at all amusing, and even then it must be a tedious affair. The characterization is of the simplest; everything is known about each character a few minutes after his or her first entrance, and about the whole play by the end of the scene. However, unreal people in an unreal play can

be amusing enough—if only there is no time to think. The Playaday Players let things drag rather badly, and were inclined to eke out the comedy with a great deal of "business," which is always tiresome. Mary Merrall made high-handed Helen a charming bully, and Wilbram, who is described as manly but boorish, played by Douglas Jeffries, suggested the prizefighter rather than the sober earthenware manufacturer. He squared his jaw and clenched his fists in the way that delights all cinema-goers. It is the fault of the play that one never knows why Wilbram should have got himself into such a state. For the rest, the thing is held together and most of the comedy supplied by old Ollerenshaw, Helen's step-uncle, who is played by J. Rice-Cassidy as a typical Five-Towns character.

Mr. Ashley Dukes's play, "The Man with a Load of Mischief," received much praise when it was given by the Stage Society. Produced now for a "run" at the Haymarket, it has been greeted with enthusiasm both by critics and audience. "One of the most polished, distinguished, and sensitive comedies of modern times," is one verdict that I have read. Well, perhaps it is, but somehow or other I failed to share the enthusiasm. It is a Regency romance in which the Prince's mistress, flying from the Prince, is entrapped in an inn by "my Lord" and rescued by my Lord's "man." The Regency atmosphere is very well done; the various threads of plot are cunningly entangled and disentangled; the humour is adequate; and the character of the nobleman cad is quite solid. Here are the foundations of a good melodrama or entertaining comedy. Mr. Dukes aims higher, for which he deserves every credit. But it is just there that his play fails. The long, poetic, philosophic soliloquies of the "man" strike another note. If they had come off, the play would have risen far above the ordinary; but, to me, they did not come off, they made me a little uncomfortable. That was not Mr. Leon Quartermaine's fault; he acted extremely well. So did Miss Fay Compton when she warmed up to the part. Mr. Frank Cellier was admirable as the Nobleman.

I have received the following verses:—

AVIAN OPINIONS.

Gaping and glaring at Epstein's Relief
The Public expresses its expert belief
That such sculpture's all wrong and too ugly for words.
Wiseacres fume from Club, College, and Ark,
And demand its removal forthwith from the Park. . . .

* * *

I am writing these lines on behalf of the Birds.

* * *

Hark! While the controversy waxes bitterer
And persons march away with angry feet,
Thus meditates each sanctuaried twitterer:
"Tweet-tweet; tweet-tweet; tweet-tweet; tweet-tweet;
tweet-tweet;
"Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera."

FRINGILLIDA FINCH.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, June 20. Szigeti, Violin Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.
Sunday, June 21. "The Golden Ballot," R.A.D.A. Players, at R.A.D.A. Theatre.
Monday, June 22. Leah Rusel-Myre, Song Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.
Tuesday, June 23. "The Beggar's Opera," at Lyric, Hammersmith.
Wednesday, June 24. "Salomy Jane," at Queen's.
Thursday, June 25. Fritz Read, Piano Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.

OMICRON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ANATOLE FRANCE

A LITTLE while ago everyone in France was reading "Anatole France en Pantouffles," by Jean-Jacques Brousson (Crès, 7fr. 50). M. Brousson was France's secretary, and his book showed that he had what was not far short of a genius for biography. This book has now been published in English under the title "Anatole France Himself: A Boswellian Record," by his Secretary, Jean-Jacques Brousson (Thornton Butterworth, 10s. 6d.). It has been translated by Mr. John Pollock. It certainly deserved to be translated; it is one of the most brilliant and amusing volumes that I have read for a very long time. But though one may be thankful to Mr. Pollock and make allowances for the difficulties of his task—the record of France's conversation, which fills nine-tenths of the volume, would be extraordinarily difficult to translate well—yet there are certain things in his translation against which it is necessary to protest. The first may seem to some a trivial matter, but I object strongly to the custom of translating foreign books and of not giving somewhere the title of the original in its original language. The second point is Mr. Pollock's sub-title, which gives a wrong impression of the atmosphere of the record. Anyone less like Boswell than M. Brousson it would be hard to find. But it is clear from Mr. Pollock's "Foreword" that he misunderstands the secretary's attitude towards "the Master." He talks of M. Brousson's "loving care that has set down all, and not feared to tell the truth." This sentence will probably give a good deal of pleasure and amusement to M. Brousson, for the fact is that he is extremely malicious, and it is, I believe, quite well known what were the grounds for his malice. Perhaps no man is a hero to his secretary (if they are both of the same sex); at any rate, I can see very little "loving care" of "the Master's memory" in M. Brousson.

My third and last complaint against Mr. Pollock is the most serious. Mr. Pollock has bowdlerized France without informing the English reader that he has done so. Sometimes he omits an entire passage, though he gives no indication that he has done so; at other times he "tones down" what Anatole France actually said by not translating, but paraphrasing. The ethics of bowdlerization in general are disputable, but in the case of this particular book it seems to me to be indefensible. The subject of sex was a constant delight to France. He speculated and philosophized over it; he allowed his wit and humour to play over it endlessly; he was never tired of telling "funny stories" or of describing his own and other people's adventures. He spoke of these things without any concealment or shame, and with a cynical enthusiasm which is most characteristic, and in his stories and soliloquies M. Brousson finds a fine field for his subtle malice. To attempt to bowdlerize a book like this, or to tone down its frankness, is really to tamper with the truth, it is to take the portrait which Anatole France drew of himself and redraw it in order to suit the prejudices of English readers. People who do not like sex and cynicism and what, for want of a better word, may be called the "Rabelaisian" attitude of mind should not read "Anatole France en Pantouffles," and, if this applies to the whole population of Great Britain, then it would have been more sensible not to translate the book into English.

One of the most fascinating things about the book is that Anatole France was too big a man for the shafts

of his secretary's malice even to scratch him. M. Brousson does his best to strip the poor corpse bare, to show him to us as a vain, loquacious, lazy, insincere, heartless, lecherous old gentleman. But the corpse refuses to come to life like that. M. Brousson is too truthful and too much of an artist, France himself is too tremendous an old gentleman. He comes out of it triumphantly, a terrific pagan, witty, cynical, sensual, lovable, and infinitely wise. The wisdom of France is perhaps the dominating feature of his conversation: it is the wisdom of old age which has stripped itself of every illusion, even the last illusion of mortal mind—that it has no illusions. I have said that anyone who does not like a frank, witty, cynical attitude towards sex should not read this book; it is also true that no one who dislikes the brutal wisdom of old age unadulterated by one drop of sentimentality should read it. But if you have not a queasy moral and intellectual stomach, if your mental appetite is not so delicate as to require a writer to drown his dishes in the sauce of sentimentality, then you will enjoy every word of this book—though you may not say with Mr. Pollock that "love and beauty were to Anatole France the grains of gold dropped by the river of life."

Even in the English translation the book is extraordinarily amusing. M. Brousson is very skilful in reproducing France's soliloquies and dialogues, and in bringing out the characters, not only of M. Bergeret himself, but of Madame and Josephine and General de V—— and the secretary. M. Brousson himself says that France had two distinct methods of conversation. One was for show purposes; it consisted of set pieces, an infinite series of stories always told in precisely the same words—"in appropriate places the soft pedal was freely used." The private kind of conversation was entirely different; it began "laborious, uneasy, grating, breathless, discordant, full of contradictions . . . with 'Don't you think so?—All the same—It's possible that—You must not think—After all, we mustn't exaggerate—No doubt that is true, but so is the contrary—.'"

The stream begins hesitating, meandering, clouded, muddy, but "little by little the flow clears itself and becomes a stream, with brilliant eddies, of golden spangles, quotations, reminiscences, epigrams, and analogies. From a tiny, twisted screw, made from the page of an almanack, France will bring out all his life and all his library—it is often the same thing." It is the private type of conversation, the golden stream, which M. Brousson has succeeded in diverting into his book. And his claim is justified that you can see in it the whole life and library—including, one may add, his own works—of Anatole France. I have only space for one quotation, taken almost at random, for every page is worth quoting:—

"There are certain truths that are peculiarly hard for the hierarchs of established order and common sense to swallow, and they must be dished up with an air of extreme indifference. We work for a middle-class public; it is the only one that reads. Therefore don't tear the veil brutally from the temple. Rummie it. Riddle it with sly little holes. Under pretence of mending it cut off little bits here and there, and dress up dolls in them. Let your readers have the easy triumph of going one better than you. People take me for a juggler, a sophist, a droll fellow. In reality I have passed my life twisting dynamite into curl-papers."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

A NEW PLANET

The Tale of Genji. By Lady MURASAKI. Translated from the Japanese by ARTHUR WALEY. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

It is amusing to wonder which are the twelve finest novels that the genius of man has so far produced. The other day I was stimulated to make a list—no one is likely to agree with it, especially as it includes no novel the interest of which is not chiefly psychological. Here it is: "La Princesse de Clèves," "Clarissa Harlowe," "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," "Persuasion," "Adolphe," "Les Illusions Perdues," "La Chartreuse de Parme," "War and Peace," "L'Education Sentimentale," "The Brothers Karamazov," and "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." If one started to discuss the reasons for such a choice and the other strong candidates, there would be room for nothing else upon this page. But some mathematically minded person may have noticed that only eleven books are included. I suspect that the name of the twelfth is "The Tale of Genji"; and it was reading it which made me attempt this list of its Occidental rivals. Written at the beginning of the eleventh century by a Japanese lady named Murasaki, it is now being translated for the first time. And as the full importance of the discovery dawns upon the reader, he cannot but repeat the words from Madame de Lafayette which Mr. Arthur Waley places on his title-page: "Est-ce vous, mon Prince? lui dit-elle. Vous vous êtes bien fait attendre!"

For he is a Prince, the son of an Emperor, this Genji whose life Lady Murasaki invented in a novel so long that the present volume is only the first of six. But you must not imagine that the tale is one of those picaresque novels, including a hundred other tales, all packed with ingenious incident, which have found favour in the East. "The Tale of Genji" resembles "The Arabian Nights" infinitely less than it does Proust. Smart contrivances and curious accidents—the stock-in-trade of the Eastern story-teller—are neglected by Lady Murasaki to an extent unparalleled in Europe till quite recently. She describes the state of mind of her characters when faced with the possibility of an event, and the state of mind resulting from it; but the description of the event itself is dispatched in a few sentences, or written only between the lines. Almost all the qualities which the European novel has been slowly gathering through the three hundred years of its existence are here already. The character-drawing is achieved by the most delicate touches, wrong attributions of motive, for instance, by one personage to another: these people are always wondering what impression they are making and what is going on in other people's minds. The little ways of children and servants are caught to perfection. And, above all, the authoress writes with profound understanding of the passion of love in its various and most sophisticated forms; of the way the image of the beloved is created by the lover's imagination; and of the attraction of the exotic, the bizarre, the unresponding, and the unexplored.

The sensibility of the characters is, indeed, uncannily like our own. I do not think our Victorian grandfathers would have cared for the book at all. There are, of course, touches of local colour, chariots drawn by bulls, perfumed clothes, paper windows, fireflies, and verandahs. But the translator has evidently made these as little insistent as possible, and it is something of a shock when one realizes, for instance, that these ladies, whose feelings are so like those of the more civilized of our contemporaries, follow the fashion of their time by blackening their teeth. There are moments curiously reminiscent of Proust; take the scene where Genji with his mistress hears the various street-cries and sounds of the early morning; and then, a year later, hearing them again, is suddenly overwhelmed with sorrow for her loss. Again, the passionate feeling for nature, and the longing for the companion who would share one's appreciation of its beauties, are carried to a point hardly known in Europe before the Romantic Movement. And in her use of atmosphere, her description of overgrown gardens and dilapidated country houses, of snowy desolation and terrifying storms, Lady Murasaki positively reminds one of the Brontës.

The civilization that makes the setting for the tale is intensely æsthetic. The personages never meet or correspond without quoting or extemporizing poems to express their sentiments. Good breeding is shown not only by tactful behaviour but by accomplishment in music, verse-writing, and, above all, calligraphy; and the young bloods rival each other in dancing, as they would to-day in tennis or shooting. Good taste is a matter of the first importance, and though some of the characters lament "these latter and degenerate days," the younger ones demand that everything, from clothes to verses, should be quite "up to date." Society is in some ways like that of Europe in the days of Chivalry; the hierarchy of class is sharply defined, and religious observances are continual. Two of the characters die by a sort of unconscious witchcraft as a result of the jealousy they inspire. "It is a fundamental thesis of the book," says Mr. Waley, "that hate kills." But the Buddhism of the time appears, on the whole, an unembarrassing creed.

This first volume is concerned with the love-affairs of Prince Genji between his seventeenth and twenty-second year. An illegitimate son of the Emperor, he is the handsomest, most accomplished, and most irresistible young man in Japan. Early in the book is a scene where, with three other young men, he discusses his experiences in love, and the various possibilities which the future holds. The Court ladies interest him not at all, though he has a rather comic passage with one of them who is three times his age. It is mystery which attracts him, and the less he knows of a woman, the more likely he is to fall in love with her. Occasionally this ends in disappointment: one lady, living in a lonely mansion, whom he heard singing, turns out, when at last he sees her, to be a dowdily dressed person with a red nose. And there is an amusing account of his embarrassment when she sends him as a present some masculine garments as old-fashioned as her own. But his sensibility makes him behave always in the most gentlemanlike manner. On one occasion he goes to his mistress's room, and finds a different lady occupying it; and he has to pretend it was for her he came and make love to her, to avoid compromising the other. Others of his affairs are tragic. He is desperately in love with a concubine of his father, the Emperor (she is eventually made Empress); and she has by him a son whom the Emperor, to Genji's extreme discomfort, proudly cherishes as his own. His *maîtresse en titre*, so to speak, is so jealous and touchy that relations with her become almost impossible. His wife, perfect in her beauty, realizes his infidelities, and by her dignified coldness makes it impossible for him to discontinue them. One lady he loves is taken away by her husband to a remote province, another suddenly and mysteriously dies in his arms. Numerous as are his affairs, he is no philanderer or libertine; his affections, he affirms, would never change, but discouragement or ill-luck makes them impossible. During the course of this volume at least seven different affairs rouse in him serious and delicate emotion. Is there any other novel which recognizes the possibility, and indeed the commonness, of such an experience? One of his more eccentric actions is thought to be his adoption of a little girl, who captivates him by her beauty and her resemblance to the Empress, the woman whom Genji most intensely loves by very reason of the desperateness of their relative situation. The book ends with his wife's death, and Genji's betrothal to his now nubile ward.

Of the developments which the five succeeding volumes will contain Mr. Waley, in his very short preface, gives no hint. But it is clear that Lady Murasaki has every quality that goes to make a great novelist—imagination, humour, uncommon good sense, a lively phrase, a command of narrative on a large scale, and a sympathetic, observant regard for human character. Whether Mr. Waley's translation is good in the sense of being accurate, I cannot say. But certainly the style he has found for it is beyond praise: tact when carried to such a point amounts to an act of creative imagination. The resulting work fascinates me so much that I have read it twice. And without a second reading to confirm my opinion, I should hardly dare to suggest, as I most definitely do, that, when completed, "The Tale of Genji" will probably prove one of the twelve great novels of the world.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

FICTION

Mayfair. By MICHAEL ARLEN. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
Masterful Wilhelmine. By JULIUS STINDE. Presented to English readers by E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
My Head! My Head! By ROBERT GRAVES. (Secker. 6s.)
Segelfoss Town. By KNUT HAMSUM. Two vols. (Gyldendal. 12s.)

THE world portrayed in "Mayfair" is a very curious one. It contains such creations of fancy as "Shelmerdene (that lovely lady), Guy de Travest, most upright of men, and Percy Wentworth, first Marquess of Marketharborough, the Lord Chancellor of England, who was, said Dwight-Rankin, a very hearty man and a devil for accuracy whether on the Wool-sack or the roundabouts." It contains also impossibly handsome crooks, rakes with hearts of gold, and conventional English heroes going through their paces with a surprising acceleration of tempo after the initial push given by Mr. Arlen's foreign imagination. Yet this volume of short stories does not entirely succeed in being the popular entertainment it sets out to be. Mr. Arlen is almost embarrassingly self-conscious. He is neither wholeheartedly on the side of his public, nor quite on that of the exclusive world which he presents. There is a hiatus; the introduction is not successfully brought off; the mixed company is not at its ease. There seem to be only two courses open to a writer who chooses the aristocracy as his theme: to sentimentalize it so thoroughly that the story's sentimentality suits the public's sentimentality, or not to sentimentalize it at all. Mr. Arlen sentimentalizes it, ardently, flamboyantly, but not with the secure conscience which covers a multitude of illusions. Accordingly his style suffers. His dilemma imposes upon it a constant necessity to be artificial, and prevents it even for one sentence from stating plainly the plain truth. This is a prevalent disease of contemporary writing.

The author of "Masterful Wilhelmine" was a real entertainer. He wrote about the Berlin humours of his time, the late 'seventies, and among these about the humours of the class which was chiefly to read him, the huge German middle-class. His readers must have appreciated his hits as heartily as if they had made them themselves, for he was wise enough to sentimentalize them rather than even the Fatherland. To read Stinde is to feel oneself in a Biergarten. At any of the tables may be sitting a Frau Buchholz surrounded by her family, or a Dr. Wrenzen with his bachelor friends. "Masterful Wilhelmine" is not literature, but it is never less than it pretends to be, that is, popular entertainment at its best.

In "My Head! My Head!" Mr. Graves sets out to "face squarely two Biblical problems which had long puzzled me: the first, what exactly were the relations between Elisha and the Shunamite; the second, what was the sequence of events that made it necessary for Moses to die on Mount Nebo within sight of the Promised Land, and what was the form that this death took?" These are problems no doubt fascinating to the intellect (as, indeed, all problems are), but one cannot help feeling that Mr. Graves regards them as important on other grounds, while not betraying to the reader what these grounds are. Accordingly the book has an air of whimsicality which we feel is not intended. And the discrepancy between Mr. Graves's interest in these problems and what one might have expected it to be is not cleared up in a very cautious introduction. From this all one gathers is that Mr. Graves will not admit on the one hand the rationalistic, nor on the other hand the psychological, interpretation of miracles. He rejects "'autosuggestion' and similar comfortable nonsense" as an explanation why a South Sea Islander should die after touching or eating a tabooed object, but he provides us with no explanation himself. The only conclusion is that he believes in magic and miracles, but as these are simply words demanding explanation or definition, we are no farther forward than we were before. Mr. Graves manages his Biblical narrative style adroitly, and entirely without offence on grounds of taste; but it can scarcely pass the ordeal of an involuntary collation with the original. Perhaps, indeed, no modern narrative could, for it was the racial passion of Israel as a nation which gave its force to the original, and that, naturally, can never be recaptured. But one is surprised that with his fine poetic instinct Mr. Graves should have chosen an impossible theme.

"Segelfoss Town" is the story of the industrialization of a small seaport in Norway. Hamsun's sympathy is all for the old ways, and all against the new. His creative power is as astonishing as ever; he depicts a score of types, and handles with ease a number of great scenes. His comedy is in the grand style. It is the comedy of passion, appetite, rascality, pretension, of life itself, which he humanizes through and through. Such abundance of invention with such sureness of grasp, such soundness, is almost incredible in our literature to-day. To parallel it one has to go back to the Victorians.

EDWIN MUIR.

MAN AND NATURE

A Geographical Introduction to History. By LUCIEN FEBVRE. (Kegan Paul. 16s.)

MAN and Nature. There is the problem of human geography, to which study the book before the reader is a notable contribution. The problem of the relationship between man and his surroundings still awaits the formulation of an agreed method of solution. While it is certainly true, for instance, that men must have learned to till the ground from the natural processes around them, yet the task of providing a solution which will satisfy all thinkers has hitherto proved to be of almost insuperable difficulty. It may be asserted, as some do, that it is only necessary for the event to have happened once; it may be that it happened several times: but the crucial evidence for any sort of origin is hard to find.

M. Febvre steers a clear course through the maze of theory that surrounds the subject. He avoids the pitfall of assuming any necessary connection between the culture of a community and the natural surroundings in which it lives. He reiterates his warnings on this point. He scouts the notion of "Influences." "We can never repeat too often that the object of geography is not to go hunting for 'influences,' such as that of Nature on Man, or of the soil on History. These are dreams. And the word 'influence' is not to be found in the scientific dictionary: it is an astrological term." That is very reasonable. In another place he puts the alternative before the geographer with startling clearness. "The choice must be made. Either the living being is more or less passive under the action of the natural forces of its environment, and we can calculate its reaction with certainty and therefore foresee it by measuring its power of resistance to the measurable forces which opposed it: or else the living being is endowed with an activity of its own and capable of creating and producing new effects, in which case there is an end of determination in the true sense of the word; and in its place we have only approximations and probabilities." That is to say, man himself takes a hand in the game, and is not the creature of natural circumstances, of climate and so forth, but a striving, struggling being who wants to get his own way according to his lights, and intends to get it by some means or other. As the author says: "There are no necessities, but everywhere possibilities; and man, as master of the possibilities, is the judge of their use. This, by the reversal which it involves, puts man in the first place—man, and no longer the earth, nor the influence of climate, nor the determinant conditions of localities."

The book is one long protest against the doctrine that, in any given circumstances, the natural environment, using that term in the widest sense, has exercised a determining influence on man. This is sound doctrine, and much to be commended to those who are apt to be carried away by the seductions of environmental explanation. Man must ever be in the forefront. He is the principal actor on the stage, after all, so why not try to act the play with him as the hero, and not such brute abstractions as barometric pressure, rainfall, soil, and so forth?

The atmosphere of the book is somewhat strange for the English reader. He is taken at once into the world of French studies: the instances are drawn from that country, and the author's heroes or villains are usually French. He is an ardent follower of the late Vidal de la Blache, who has done so much for geography in France. He engages in long disputation with the school of Durkheim on the subject of geography and social morphology; but

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W. J. PERRY.

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Adventures of a Schoolmaster. By WILLIAM NICHOLS MARCY. (Melrose. 5s.)

No; the title is not ironical. True, Mr. Marcy's adventures (for, although his narrative is not told in the first person, he is, on the dust-cover, identified with its hero) have been of an extremely mild character; still, they were adventures; and he has, for a schoolmaster, a racy way of telling them.

They date from the moment when, unable any longer to endure the boredom of a barrister's office, he accepted a post as usher in a small preparatory school. The cynical will suggest that the change was not altogether for the better. They will even lend their approval to a piece of advice that was early given to Mr. Marcy by a colleague: "Give it up, boy, while you have all your life before you. It will only degrade you. Schoolmastering is not a profession, it is not even a trade, it's a scourge for the ungodly."

But such advice counts for nothing with a man who genuinely likes teaching. Mr. Marcy quitted the preparatory school and, with only three pounds in his pocket and no evidence of his qualifications, arrived in New York. The race is to the adventurous. Soon Mr. Marcy found himself engaged in a military school where, in addition to preparing boys for the Universities, they "provide a sound general education suited to those who are destined to commence life immediately after leaving school." American education professes to be democratic. Even the prefect system, to American ears, savours too much of autocracy. The remedy, however, in the military schools, does not seem more desirable. "Place a boy in uniform, give him three stripes, call him a sergeant, and there is your prefect."

After the military school came Mercersville, "perhaps the most famous of all American preparatory schools." There is nothing shoddy about American educational establishments; and Mr. Marcy found Mercersville an ideal place to work in. But then he was something of an ideal master. Boys are the same all the world over; and, given a man with humour that is not tinged with sarcasm, an imagination that can grasp their side of the question, and a physical ability to join in their sports, they are perfectly prepared to learn from him and to act honourably by him. Schoolmasters too, in the general run, are the same all the world over. Even Mercersville could not transform them. Says Mr. Marcy: "It is unfortunate, but true, that a schoolmaster's mind is narrow and he himself dogmatic. . . He and his companions live in a world of their own; their interests are, or should be, identical—the welfare of the school; and their sole topic of conversation is their profession." And, we would add, they make a pitiful habit of talking down to their audience.

In most respects, however, Mercersville, as Mr. Marcy has painted it, stands very little in advance of similar English schools. It is unprogressive. Its system ignores the fact that the only discipline worthy the name, amongst children, is not that which is imposed from without, but that which springs from within. It pays far too much attention (as our own schools do) to sport. And it seems to stand in considerable danger of inculcating that Public School spirit which Mr. Marcy so righteously upbraids. Though he deplores it, however, he seems to have no remedy to suggest: unless he counts as a sufficient remedy his almost parenthetical statement that what is needed in England is a socialized education. That, perhaps, is the lesson to be learned from his "Adventures"? We are paying the penalty of an over-idealized tradition: the breaking down of class barriers is the only remedy against the Public School spirit.

NANSEN

Hunting and Adventure in the Arctic. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. (Dent. 15s.)

NANSEN has led what one may call a tidy life: rounded and complete, no loose ends. He was twenty when he made his first voyage to the Arctic in the sealer "Viking," in 1882. This meant that he missed a Norwegian spring, "the first blue anemones on the brown carpet of wood." The ice world would be a big adventure. Still, as he sailed out of Arendal, his thoughts were of the bubbling blackcock, the smell of the soil, and the bursting buds. His favourite pursuits were hunting, fishing, and woodcraft, and his scientific hobbies chemistry and physics rather than zoology. Nevertheless, he chose to be a zoologist; chemists and physicists worked in stuffy laboratories. Nansen deliberately dedicated himself to the open air, and instinctively to a life of adventure. His plan was to begin the study of zoology by studying the animal life and physical features of the Arctic Ocean.

So at the age of twenty he found himself northward-bound on the "Viking." The present volume is expanded from his diary of the voyage. He does not tell us when he wrote it, but the early impressions are leavened by knowledge acquired in later life. Sometimes he refers to the young Nansen in the third person. "The young naturalist" watches the flight of birds. That a bird could glide with motionless wings and without moving a muscle seemed to him at variance with all the laws of physics he had learnt. He could not solve the problem at the time. Years afterwards he learnt to associate the bird's power of effortless flight with its acquaintance with ascending air currents. The scientific explanation is given with the observations on which the deductions are based. This passage must have been written by the mature and scientific Nansen, ten or twenty years after the voyage perhaps, but probably before we knew much about aviation. The pioneers of flying learnt nothing from the flight of birds; when they could fly, then they learnt a great deal, and their discoveries confirm Nansen's conclusion. But as he does not mention aviation his notes on the flight of the kittiwake and malleduck seem to belong to a period before the conquest of the air. It is interesting to follow the young Nansen as he puzzles things out, gauging the set of ice across the polar sea, calculating how advantage might be taken of it in exploration. What is the secret of the formation of pancake ice? He had to make thousands of observations on the temperature and salinity of the water in the Arctic regions before he worked out his theory. How is one to explain the abandonment of certain areas by whales, and the causes and conditions of the migrations of seals? What purpose is served by the bladdernose seal's inflated hood?

Some of these riddles are answered, others remain unsolved; but what strikes one most is the indefatigable application of the young Nansen, mental and physical. Many-sidedness and single-mindedness combine in the ideal equipment of the explorer. He is a man of science and a poet, practical and romantic, a great hunter and a dreamer, rash and disciplined, precisely statistical and imaginative, given to moralizing vaguely on the why and whither, yet capable of the most minute investigation. Above all, Nansen is human. One feels that the patient research, dry record, and statistics about ocean currents, salinity, temperature, are the work which a boy of twenty puts in to pay for adventure, just as other boys of the same age, who want to become rich, slave at the desk or counter. The "Viking" was a good name for Nansen's first ship. One can imagine that his private log, when he turned to it after his polar conquests, would read like a saga, more glamorous than the log of the "Fram." He was given the command of one of the sealing boats. "I fancied myself more in this, my first appointment in life, than any that has fallen to my lot since." It was characteristic of the young Nansen that he chose his Arctic Sea captain, Krefting, because of his reputation for recklessness. He had seen him and marked his air of an adventurer, "a fine-looking fellow, with a big, black moustache and dark, flashing eyes looking out beneath heavy, black eyebrows." Krefting lived up to his appearance. The adventures of the voyage were mainly with ice and bears. In the end

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the "Viking" was "beset," that is to say, icebound; and in the beginning, by a series of mischances, they missed the breeding-grounds. Sealing is a big gamble. If you don't find the young seals it may mean bankruptcy for the owner and captain and miserable wages for the crew. But they made good with the bladdernose. The account of the actual slaying is depressing. Nansen seems to have endured the butchery of it with only occasional qualms, though the death of his first bear provokes pity. "It seemed so unfair that a little bit of lead should suddenly bring to an end that free life on the boundless expanse of ice." It was a ruthless campaign in every respect, but young men, especially sealers, if they are not born hard, have to develop callousities. To save the trouble of pulling sharks up on the ice, Nansen got a man to drive his hooked seal-club into their heads and hold them while another slit them open and took out the livers. "This can easily be done, as the liver floats up to the surface the moment the belly of the fish is cut open." Nansen is now one of the greatest of our humanitarians, but in other respects the boy was father of the man.

EDMUND CANDLER.

A PRIME MINISTER AND HIS SON

A Prime Minister and his Son. From the Correspondence of the Third EARL OF BUTE and of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir CHARLES STUART. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. E. STUART WORTLEY. (Murray. 16s.)

THE eighteenth century abounds with famous men, men who saw the birth of the doctrine of government "of the people for the people," who developed the English constitution, and who laid the foundation of the British Empire. Great deeds were being done and sweeping changes were taking place in the world. It was in the midst of this period that Lord Bute was Prime Minister, and during his short time in office he aroused almost unparalleled opposition and hatred. He was a statesman and a friend of George III., and, more than that, he was a clever and entertaining man whom history has greatly abused. His loyalty and devotion to the king, his love of his wife, his undoubted good intentions and honesty in a period when every man had his price, make him an interesting character. In later years his son, Charles Stuart, had, in addition to his father's good qualities, those of genuine ability, enterprise, and a restless energy. He was a brilliant soldier in an age of brilliant soldiers, a man of whom St. Vincent wrote that the French were afraid of him and the English "would go to Hell for him," and told Dundas when Minorca was to be attacked that there was "one man and one man only" to do it, and that was Charles Stuart.

It is not surprising that such men should be interesting, and in reading their correspondence we feel that we are among the great; we read of George III. and his mother, of Chatham and Pitt, North and Fox, Nelson and St. Vincent, Washington and Napoleon, of their private opinions and their intimate affairs. Here is excellent material for an interesting book; both the scene and the actors are as fascinating as any that could be chosen, but, on the whole, it is a little disappointing. Certainly it has its good points, and the editing shows some creditable features; there are useful tables of dates, and Sir Rennell Rodd has written a good introduction to it. But some of the editing is confusing, particularly in the early pages where the reader is introduced to a host of people and relationships which are rather difficult to follow. The letters, too, are not always in sequence of date; we read of Lord Bute's death in 1792, immediately followed by a description of Luton in 1774, and again after the death of Lady Bute in 1794 we go back to a letter of 1777 and a reprint of extracts from the journal of Lady Mary Coke of 1766. All this is a little confusing.

In the portion dealing with Lord Bute's public life we cannot help feeling that Mrs. Wortley, in undertaking his defence, has entered a little too much into the spirit of those times when feelings ran high. There is scarcely a drop of criticism in an ocean of praise, and her book becomes a reply to the accusers of George III. and Bute. It is a pity that the reader is not given a little more from the point of

view of Chatham and his friends to show the other side of the picture. When, however, we come to the career of Sir Charles Stuart, which fills the greater part of the volume, we find a mass of interesting information. The story of his struggles with the incompetence of generals and statesmen over him—criminal incompetence in some cases—of his experiences in the American War of Independence and the Gordon Riots, and of his work in Corsica, Minorca, and Portugal is full of interest. Here, again, Mrs. Wortley has nothing but praise and admiration for her hero, and she has not much to say in favour of Whitehall; she forgets that what appears so important to the soldier in the field is only one of many affairs controlled from Westminster.

It is a book full of great names and accounts of great events, full of information of the period, though perhaps it is displayed from the point of view of one family. In fact, it is a book in praise of great men.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ATOM

The Marvels of Modern Physics. By JOSEPH McCABE. (Watts. 2s. 6d.)

THIS is the fifth of a series of simply written, lucid, and trustworthy little books in which Mr. McCabe has undertaken "to meet the questions of those, entirely inexperienced in science, who want to know how modern physics helps us to form a reasonable view of the universe—who want to know what things are and how we have discovered things." In previous volumes Mr. McCabe dealt with the evolution of the universe in general and of civilization in particular, with the development of the present-day earth, and the beauty and mystery of the stars. In that now before us he gives a popular account of recent discoveries as to the intimate structure of matter and the nature of the molecule, the atom, the electron, and the proton. We think that he has been successful in achieving his aim, and that the most ignorant reader will have no difficulty in following his clear and interesting narrative, though his pages lack the literary charm of a Proctor or a Flammarion.

He begins usefully by reminding us that the atom, though no longer deserving its name as "that which cannot be dissevered," still remains "the ultimate indivisible particle of any particular kind of matter." Although we now know that the atom is not the actual indivisible thing which physicists considered it to be from the time of Epicurus to that of Clerk Maxwell, it is still, in a sense, the ultimate unit—when an atom of radium breaks up, it is no longer radium but "altogether something else," as Mr. Perlmutter would say. The amazing thing is that we now know with practical certainty what complicated, mazy motions go on inside the atom, which is a kind of miniature solar system, with a central sun, or nucleus, round which planets, numbering from one to several hundreds, the so-called electrons, circle in orbits as definite as those of the asteroids. If we imagine an atom of oxygen magnified ten billion times, we should see this central sun as a tiny heap of electrons and protons two or three inches in diameter, and around it eight electrons, as large as grains of salt, moving in roughly circular orbits of which the outermost had a radius of three-quarters of a mile. The densest of our matter is made up of similar but more complicated systems, and we need hardly wonder that certain tiny projectiles can pass right through such atoms. This gives a new meaning to the old poetical idea that matter is but a wavering veil thinly covering the unseen. Mr. McCabe describes many of the latest discoveries and experiments, such as Sir Ernest Rutherford's bombardment of nitrogen atoms with Alpha particles, whereby he has succeeded in breaking some of them down into atoms of helium and hydrogen. The great expense at which this is done, by the way, combines with certain theoretical considerations to disabuse us of the idea that we shall ever be able to make our fortunes by turning lead or mercury into gold. Mr. McCabe is not sanguine about the present likelihood of our being able to harness the immense energy contained within the atom, and so to persuade a pound or two of coal to take the "Mauretania" at full speed across the Atlantic. One day we believe that that will be done; but perhaps not in our time.

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A CUP O' KINDNESS



They have been hard at work in Ireland these two years. Wherever you go you see cottages snugly thatched, roads improved, and a bright smile of welcome for the visitor. Ireland, hospitable Ireland, opens the door wide to the British tourist, confident of the power of her beauty to draw him to her side.

Hotels have been restored, redecorated, refitted, refurnished. It is not too much to say that nowhere in Europe to-day are there hotels of

their size better equipped or better managed than the bigger hotels in Ireland.

WHEELS OF IRELAND



On the Railways the services are excellent. Expresses are frequent, and restaurant car services adequate. New motor coaches, with tyres like featherbeds, are running on the coach routes of the West, and little children run out of Irish cabins to cheer them as messengers of peace and goodwill. For ten years Ireland has been closed to the tourist, and none has felt that deprivation more than those who knew Ireland well. Great will be their joy to revisit Ireland, but greater still the surprise and delight in store for those to whom Connemara and Donegal are but names, whose eyes have never feasted on the beauty of Killarney and Kenmare.

WHAT TO DO



The Great Southern Railways of Ireland, an amalgamation of all the railways in the Free State, own tourist hotels at Killarney, Kenmare, Parknasilla, Caragh Lake, Mallow and Galway, also at Cork and Limerick Junctions.

Enquiries for literature and advice should be addressed to the Commercial Manager, Kingsbridge, Dublin, or to the Irish Tourist Association, Westland Row, Dublin.

The Ulster Tourist Development Association publish a booklet with full information about holiday tours, golf and sport in the north of Ireland, and will forward a copy on application to the Organising Secretary, Ulster Tourist Development Association, Belfast.

The London Midland and Scottish Railway have their own railways in the north of Ireland, and their own hotels, too. The railways serve the glens and holiday beaches of Antrim and the coast westward to Donegal, and the hotels minister to the comfort of their guests at Larne, Portrush, Belfast and Greenore. Stephen Gwynn has written a delightful book called "Travel in Ireland," published by the L.M.S. In it you may learn about Northern Ireland as well as Southern; about the fishing and the golf, where to go and what to do, about the glens and bathing beaches of Antrim, the bays and firths of Kerry; the mountains of Wicklow and Mourne as well as of Clare and Mayo; and the beauties of Carlingford Lough that will some day be a playground for the populations of Lancashire and the West Riding. Stephen Gwynn's book on Ireland is the best guide book for the tourist and the fisherman that has been published this many a day. With that in your hand and a map of Ireland at your side you are well on the way to a good holiday.

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WORKS OF ART IN RUSSIA

Art Treasures in Soviet Russia. By Sir MARTIN CONWAY. (Arnold. 16s.)

THE Bolshevik Revolution, it seems, has been in many respects the salvation of works of art in Russia. Paintings which were fast falling into decay in churches and monasteries are now being preserved with care, the grime of centuries and the restorations of inept craftsmen are being removed, precious embroideries repaired, buildings cleaned and saved from ruin. Museums are multiplying, well arranged, efficiently catalogued; schoolchildren are taken to them; lectures are given by enthusiastic curators, and never has so much interest been shown in works of art of all kinds. Many of the great palaces of aristocrats and large private houses have been turned into museums, their former owners often being their guardians, and all these museums and picture-galleries are crammed to overflowing. Immense piles of artistically worthless silver, of poor pictures, lie in their rooms, waiting to be arranged, for, of course, the reason of all this public wealth is that the private possessions of many people are now in public ownership, including silver spoons, dinner services, and ancestral portraits, and thousands of objects encumber the museums which were before in private houses.

This applies largely to native products and to inferior works of art, also to jewels, some of them of great value. The many fine private collections of foreign pictures, porcelain, silver, and other things, and the magnificent Imperial collections, even the Crown Jewels, have survived the Revolution in almost all cases intact; and in spite of the fact that actual fighting took place in some of the palaces, and that the mob surged through the rooms of the Winter Palace in Petrograd, there was practically no looting or damage. Sir Martin Conway was given every opportunity and assistance to examine these collections, and his book makes interesting reading. He visited all the museums in Moscow and Petrograd and their vicinity, and describes their contents, not, of course, in form of catalogue, which he had neither time to compile nor space to include in his book, but giving a good general impression with descriptions of such works of art as he considered outstanding. His book thus has the double interest of a guide to Russian museums and of a record of the impression made by the country and people on one who seems to have gone there with an open and honest mind, to look at works of art rather than, in an inevitably prejudiced manner, to criticize the new régime.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"A HISTORY OF THE PHARAONS," by Arthur Weigall, Vol. I., "The First Eleven Dynasties" (Thornton Butterworth, 21s.), is intended for both the student and the ordinary reader. It is very well illustrated with photographs.

"Under the Italian Alps," by E. L. Broadbent (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), is one of those interesting and useful books to the traveller or holiday-maker which combine history with topography. Miss Broadbent deals with the country between the Brenner Pass and Lake Garda, including the Dolomites. "Through the Chilterns to the Fens," by Gordon Home (Dent, 2s. 6d.), is an excellent addition to an attractive series of guide-books. Messrs. T. N. Foulis publish a revised and enlarged edition of "The English Lake District Fisheries," by John Watson (10s. 6d.).

A Conference on Some Living Religions Within the Empire was held at the Imperial Institute last autumn. The papers read to the Conference have now been published in "Religions of the Empire," edited by William Loftus Hare (Duckworth, 16s.). "The Gospel and the Modern Mind," by Walter Robert Matthews (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), was originally the subject of a course of sermons, and is "an essay in popular theology." "Education" (Longmans, 4s.) is the report presented to the Conference on Christian Politics, Economics, and Citizenship at Birmingham in April, 1924, and forms Vol. II. of the C.O.P.E.C. Commission Report.

"An Introduction to Kant's Philosophy," by Norman Clark (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), traces "the development of Kant's

thought in its relation to the rival claims of Rationalism and Empiricism."

"Money and Mines," by Hugh Frederick Marriott (Benn, 15s.), has been written for investors, directors, and engineers. It deals especially with finance and the methods of control.

"Principles of British Constitutional Law," by Cecil S. Emden (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), is a careful analysis of the recent developments in and actual position of British Constitutional Law. It is well documented.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett publish a third, enlarged edition of "Springs of Water and How to Discover Them by the Divining Rod," by B. Tompkins (5s.).

"What is Rhythm?" by E. A. Sonnenschein (Oxford: Blackwell, 10s. 6d.), is an erudite essay on rhythm and quantity in classical and English verse.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Count Blitski's Daughter. By LELAND BUXTON. (Christophers. 7s. 6d.)

Sir Oliver Bull, a middle-aged bachelor squire, conservative in ideas and habits, falls in love with the beautiful Marishka, the daughter of Count Blitski, and throws himself, in order to win her lovely hand, into the revolutionary cause in which, with fanatical intensity, she is engaged. The politics of Zolhenes and oppressive Balamians move with operatic unreason, and amid forests infested by brigands and in hereditary castles on rocks. Despite the excitement, we may suspect that, apart from the nomenclature, Mr. Buxton, to some extent, has been amusing himself at our expense. His contrasts are more topsy-turvy than dramatic. Count Blitski, whose daughter had believed him to be indifferent and unpatriotic, turns out to be the arch-leader of the revolutionists; a Red chief is discovered to be a pacifist, and one of the most promising cut-throats of the conspiracy is a mystic, and retires to a monastery. We are even cheated of romance, for Sir Oliver retires, with a generous gesture, from the matrimonial pursuit, and Marishka, despite her name, remains a heartless politician to whom moon-lit lakes exist for the purpose of gun-running.

Letters of Lady Constance Lytton. Selected and Arranged by BETTY BALFOUR. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

Lady Constance Lytton's life is of interest, apart from her personal charm, because in it we see one of the great transitions exemplified. She begins as a nineteenth-century woman; she ends a woman of the present day. We can thus study in one and the same person two widely different types. Nobody could have been a more perfect example of the daughter and sister at home than Lady Constance. She was extremely shy, hated society, loved animals, and was happiest at home in the country. Her being centred in her affections, of which the deepest by some mischance went unsatisfied. As the eldest daughter of a widowed mother she had full scope for the use of all those qualities which, rightly or wrongly, have distinguished innumerable English women in innumerable homes. And so, with her "exquisite, sensitive, delicate nature," she might have lived her life out in a round of duties and denials, had it not been for the irruption of the Woman Suffrage war. Her quiet nature caught fire and flared up. It was as if she had been suppressed and now found release. "I realized," wrote Lady Betty, as she met her on her release from prison, "that she no longer belonged to us." "I think she has ceased to have any private affection, even," another sister wrote. But both sisters felt that "Con was actively alive as she had never been before." She went from ease and luxury to the extremes of effort and endurance. Life on such strenuous terms was too much for her, and, after four years of work and forcible feeding and imprisonment, she was stricken by paralysis from which, after eleven years of illness, she died. But if she was a victim, these letters prove that she was one of those victims who get even more than they give.

The Statesman's Year-Book. Edited by Sir JOHN SCOTT KELTIE and M. EPSTEIN. (Macmillan, 20s.)

This invaluable and well-edited annual is now in its sixty-second year. As usual, the revision has been full and accurate. Mr. H. St. J. Philby has helped the editors with the section on Arabia and enabled them to include an extremely interesting survey of that country up to March, 1925, both from the economic and from the political point of view.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

HOME RAILS — MANGANESE — RUBBER — OIL.

IT is understood that the three further Colonial loans which were overhanging the gilt-edged market have been postponed *sine die*. The market has not responded, as it might have done, to a sense of relief, nor to the further inflow of a million sovereigns from Holland, the second consignment of this description and amount from that source within a week. If we are to judge by the decline in the gold holding of the Netherlands Bank in the return of June 8th, it seems that the Bank of England has come to some arrangement with the Netherlands Bank for temporary accommodation. Meanwhile, as we cleverly protect the gold standard, our industries languish, unemployment figures mount up, and there is talk, as we hinted last week, of the iron and steel industry seeking a measure of protection under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. The Board of Trade returns of exports for May show big declines in coal, iron and steel, in cotton goods, and in woollen and worsted yarns and manufactures, as compared with May, 1924, but the adverse balance of trade was less than in April, exports increasing by nearly £3½ millions, and imports diminishing by more than £6 millions. This improvement is reassuring so far as it goes; but it does not go very far, and it is a ludicrously slender basis for the conclusion eagerly drawn in the "Times" that, now that sterling has been stabilized, all will be well. The balance of trade will continue to be unsatisfactory so long as the present over-valuation of sterling remains; and of the existence of that over-valuation there can, unfortunately, be little doubt. Moreover, if there is any force left in the old theory that lending abroad provided markets for exports (it depends, of course, on the character of the lending), the unofficial embargo on both Colonial and foreign loans which prevails at present would discourage exports still further.

At the beginning of this week Home Railway Ordinary stocks had got down to the level at which it seemed likely buyers would be attracted. The following table will make this clear:—

	Price Jan. 15.	Price June 15.	Yield on June 15.
Great Western Ord. ...	110½	90½	£8 9 0
L.N.E. Prefd. Ord. ...	82½	61	8 5 3
Def. Ord. ...	31	23½	10 19 9
L.M.S. Ord. ...	101	82½	8 12 6
Southern Prefd. Ord. ...	85	75½	6 14 6
Def. Ord. ...	44	40½	8 16 0

On Tuesday this market took on a better appearance despite the dull tone in gilt-edged stocks. The attractive terms of the new Great Western issue of preference stock—5 per cent. at 95—seem to have called attention to the basically sound position of Home Railways. The Railways Act of 1921 provided that railway rates should be so fixed as to enable the railways to earn the same revenue as that earned in 1913 plus an allowance in respect of capital expenditure incurred since that date. The rates will have to be revised as soon as this "standard" revenue is fixed. Meanwhile, dividends can be maintained out of reserves, which amount to over £100 millions. As the capital expenditure which had been financed out of reserves is now, by force of the ruling of the Railway Rates Tribunal, being replaced by public issues—as with the L. M. S. and L. N. E., and now with the Great Western—there is no doubt that the companies can continue to pay dividends out of reserves for another year, although in the case of L. N. E. a lower rate of dividend is possible. So far only £5,100,000 have been drawn out of reserves for dividend payments. On the face of it a "first-class business" stock in this privileged position ought not

to yield much more than 7 per cent. The cause of the decline in Home Rails must be read chiefly as a rout of the bulls by the bears. There have been bull accounts existing since the pre-dividend period. The disappointment at the last dividend payments and the withdrawals from reserves gave the bears a clear field. Home Rails were sold account after account, and the bears had no difficulty in finding lenders of stock. This process goes on, and increases in intensity as forced selling takes place, until the lowering of prices attracts genuine buyers, at which point the bears cover. Something of the sort happened on Tuesday and Wednesday, when Great Western rose to 92 and L. M. S. to 83½.

It was not unnatural that Central Provinces Mangane Ore shares should react after the rise of over £1 which they had enjoyed during the period of the last account. The selling on Monday assumed, however, a nervous character after the publication of the terms of the Soviet-Harriman manganese contract, which appears at last to have been ratified by the Soviet Government. We have referred on a previous occasion to this contract and we can find little in it to alarm shareholders of Central Provinces. The Harriman group is to pay royalties of 12s. 4d. per ton for the first three years and thereafter 16s. 5d. per ton, while the Central Provinces Company pays royalties of about 3d. per ton. Further, the Harriman group has to deposit a guarantee of one million dollars and pay another one million dollars as advance on royalties. The minimum yearly export on which royalties have to be paid is 800,000 tons, whereas the exported production last year from the Caucasus mines was only 480,000 tons. These are onerous conditions and it is much to be doubted whether costs of production can ever compare favourably with those of the Central Provinces mines. It should also be borne in mind that the manganese ore of the Central Provinces is of higher grade than the Caucasian. It seems a good opportunity to pick up Central Provinces shares on this reaction.

The rubber share market, after a period of strength, showed signs of easiness at the beginning of this week. Buying slackened off after the week-end accumulation of orders. As the quiet season in the American trade is approaching, the price of the raw commodity may decline. It would not be surprising if during July and August the spot price of smoked sheet rubber dropped to 2s. 6d., but we do not anticipate that the forward position will weaken to the same extent. No doubt the ignorant and the nervous holder will throw shares on the market if and when the spot price falls, but any reader who agrees with our analysis of the state of the rubber industry will hold on with some confidence, and take any suitable opportunity of acquiring the shares of select companies. In giving fuller particulars of the companies we mentioned on June 6th, which we can recommend for the long view, we would emphasize the possibility of lower prices being obtained, although in many cases the market is so short of stock that no great fall in values can be expected:—

	Price June 6	Price June 16	Last Year's Divs.	Average Cost per lb.	Selling Price per lb.
Sungei Buaya £1 ...	39/-	43/-	15%	8.64d.	1/1.54
Central Sumatra 2/-	2/2	2/6	nil	9.91d.	1/3.56
Bah Lias £1 ...	40/-	43/9	10%	9.02d.	1/5.27
Victoria Malaya 6d.	1/3½	1/5	10%	10.19d.	1/2.61
			Int. 7½%		
Langen Java £1 ...	32/-	36/-	8%	9.87d.	1/1.71
Sungei Kari £1 ...	23/6	30/-	5%	—	1/1.75
Sungei Batu £1 ...	25/-	26/9	6½%	—	—
Toerangie £1 ...	33/3	41/3	10%	9.04d.	1/3.78
Selaba £1 ...	27/6	32/6	6%	9.39d.	1/2.39

*'Straws show which way
the wind blows,'*

and the recent Valuation of

THE STANDARD

shows what WITH PROFIT Policyholders may expect in the future.

- (1) The Assets (£7,000,000 of which are in British Government Securities) have been valued on the strictest basis. In 1920 they were written down to the very low prices then prevailing. They have not been written up since. There is thus a large margin of security.
- (2) The Liabilities were valued on the assumption that interest at only 2½ per cent. will be earned in future. Actually the net rate of interest earned is over 5 per cent. There is thus a margin of interest of over 2½ per cent. on £14,000,000 of Funds to provide future bonuses.

Despite these stringent methods a bonus of 35s. per cent. per annum has been declared for the triennium ending 15th November, 1923.

An interim bonus of 35s. per cent. per annum for all policies becoming claims before 1926.

A balance of £138,000 carried forward.

These are Straws that show which way the Wind of Prosperity blows for The Standard.

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THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

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Booklet "R" 5.

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HOVIS, LTD.

INCREASED SALES—RESULTS GRATIFYING.

The ordinary general meeting of Hovis, Ltd., was held on the 16th inst., at Caxton Hall, Westminster.

Mr. A. H. Dence (the Chairman) said that the past year's trading had been of a highly satisfactory character, and they had proceeded on entirely normal lines. The reserve account, if the accounts were approved by the shareholders, would be made up to £200,000. They had added to their freehold and leasehold plant and mills to the extent of £18,000, having completed the purchase of a new van-building works in the Potteries district. They had also purchased a leasehold interest in their van-building premises in Vauxhall Bridge-road. Dealing with the profit and loss account, the Chairman said that the net profit on trading was £9,000 more than for the previous year, and, taking that figure into consideration with the increased sales of Hovis, he thought the shareholders were to be congratulated on the results obtained. A great deal had recently been stated with regard to profiteering in foodstuffs. The suggestions that had been made did not apply to the milling world. In their case, the divisible profit was only 2 per cent. to 3 per cent. of the turnover. The successful results of the company were due to the appreciation by the public to a greater degree than heretofore of the real food values in Hovis bread. He would again draw attention to the exceedingly satisfactory results that had been obtained by the examination into the vitamin content of Hovis bread. To the lay mind, it was very difficult to appreciate what vitamin was, but medical authorities had concluded that it was a real necessity of life. In taking Hovis bread one would, therefore, have that necessity of life in a most palatable and nitrogenous form, and in a form which year by year was being realised more and more as a national necessity. The shareholders would be interested to hear that by competitions among the trade, which had been greatly appreciated owing to their educational value, the company had been able to improve the quality generally of Hovis bread. The directors proposed to place £20,000 to general reserve account, to pay a final dividend at the rate of 10 per cent., and to place a further sum of £3,000 to staff benevolent fund, leaving £16,694 to carry forward.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S APPEAL FOR THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.

"I APPEAL

to the men and women of our Empire and, indeed, to all those who value the practical example of heroism and humanity to give generously in support of this great Service."

WILL YOU RESPOND?

The Institution needs annually 1,000,000 Five Shillings to provide and maintain the Life-Boat Service.

Please send your 5/- TO-DAY and be "ONE IN A MILLION."

Will you also remember the Life-Boats in your Will

There is no subsidy from the State.

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GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A.
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GAS along the All-Red Route



Good Housekeeping for every type of home throughout the Empire will be illustrated by "good housewives" in the Gas Exhibit at Wembley in the already popular pavilion specially constructed there last year. Additional space has been taken for lectures and daily demonstrations in the cooking of Empire Food Products by means of Gas, the Empire's most reliable fuel.

WHEN AT WEMBLEY BE SURE TO VISIT THE GAS EXHIBIT
(In the Centre of the Palace of Industry.)

A company which cannot fail to improve its position with the recovery of the rubber industry is Messrs. Harrisons & Crossfield, who are, perhaps, the best known of the agents for tea and rubber companies. The Deferred Ordinary shares of £1 of this company, which now stand about $5\frac{1}{2}$, last year received a total dividend of 25 per cent., and this year have received an interim dividend of 10 per cent., subject to tax. The company's financial year ends on June 30th, and the report is usually issued in October. In working out the return upon these shares a somewhat intricate calculation is necessary, since Deferred Ordinary shareholders have the option of applying for the allotment at par of Deferred Ordinary shares to the extent of one-half of their additional dividends, less tax, in excess of 10 per cent. Thus, assuming 100 shares are bought at 5 3-16, the yield must be calculated as follows:—

(A) Assuming a dividend of 25 per cent.:

100 Deferred Ordinary shares at £5 3s. 9d. cost	...	518	15	0
Dividend of 25%, less tax at 4s. ...	=	20	0	0
One-half of additional dividend above 10%, less tax, is £6, so 6 bonus Deferred Ordinary shares at par, sold at £5, show a profit of £4 per share	=	24	0	0
Total net return on 100 shares	...	£44	0	0
Yield at 5 3-16 = £8 9s. 6d.%, free of tax.				

(B) Assuming a dividend of 30 per cent.:

100 Deferred Ordinary shares at £5 3s. 9d. cost	...	518	15	0
Dividend of 30%, less tax at 4s. ...	=	24	0	0
One-half of additional dividend above 10%, less tax, is £8, so 8 bonus Deferred Ordinary shares at par, sold at £5, show a profit of £4 per share	=	32	0	0
Total net return on 100 shares	...	£56	0	0
Yield at 5 3-16 = £10 15s. 9d.%, free of tax				

The net profits of this company have fluctuated considerably, as will be seen from the following table, but it will be noticed that in the last three years the progress has been very marked. The dividends on the Deferred Ordinary shares during these years are also given:—

Year to June 30th.	Net profit.	Dividends.
1918 ...	£212,191	10
1919 ...	£200,571	32½
1920 ...	£249,204	35
1921 ...	£164,466	7½
1922 ...	£149,138	5
1923 ...	£192,711	10
1924 ...	£242,475	25

A decidedly bullish sentiment prevails in the oil share market in New York. Clearly the saturation point in the motor-car industry has not been reached. The reports of the numbers of automobiles in America are rarely to be relied upon, but it is reasonably established that the registrations in the first four months of this year were higher than in the same period of 1924, and that petrol consumption increased by 30 per cent. in the first three months of this year, and by 34 per cent. in April. Possibly there will be a renewal of New York buying in the London oil share market, though there is little on this side to arouse the public interest in oil shares. We disagree with our contemporaries who have argued that there has been a slight increase in the net profits of the Shell Transport and Trading Company for 1924. We believe there was a slight decrease. It is an arguable point, because last year the Shell deducted their E.P.D. payment before showing their net profits:—

	1922	1923	1924
Balance forward	2,069,596	2,029,056	230,082
Profits	4,938,034	3,048,669*	4,858,594
	7,007,630	5,077,725	5,088,676
Expenses	304,925	40,484	41,683
Balance	6,702,755	5,037,241	5,046,993
Prof. Dividend	314,542	450,000	450,000
Ord. Dividend	4,357,157	4,357,157	4,565,369
Dividend	22½	22½	22½
Balance forward	2,029,056	230,084	231,624

* E.P.D. deducted.

The Excess Profits Duty, which was deducted before striking the balance of profits in 1923, was estimated to have been about £1,900,000. This would mean that profits in 1924 were smaller by £100,000. Further, the

item of "dividends accrued" in the balance-sheet is £200,000 down for 1924 at £4,159,261. Hence the earnings of the Shell, received or accrued, have declined by about £300,000. We do not imply that Shell shares should be sold on this analysis. The Company presents one of the soundest industrial investments, and its position in the oil world is unique. Its cash and investments (all in gilt-edged securities) are actually £8,637,000 (an increase of £133,000 over those of last year). Few companies, outside tobacco, can show such a strong liquid cash position. Criticism may be directed with some fairness against "Shell" because its reports reduce economy of information to a fine art, and the Royal Dutch, the controlling partner of the Shell, is always more verbose on political points than detailed on financial ones. We do not share the view of others in regarding the report of the Mexican Eagle as disappointing. The decline in production from 9,163,000 barrels to 5,398,000 barrels was due to restriction of output following upon the strike at the Tampico refinery. The field work in the Isthmus was sufficiently encouraging to justify the Royal Dutch directors in saying that "before long a remunerative production centre will be established there for the company." It is true that the slight increase in Mexican Eagle profits is brought about by the profit on the exchange (amounting to 4,400,000 pesos, as compared with the loss of 4,000,000 pesos in 1923), but with the allocation of \$5,000,000 (Mexican gold) to a general reserve, apart from the transfer to other reserves of \$8,017,473, the Company's finances are being conservatively managed.

YIELDS OF GILT-EDGED SECURITIES

THE following table is designed to show the net yield for the leading securities on the gilt-edged market in a more informative way than in the usual lists. In the table we give in three columns (1) the flat yield, (2) the yield allowing for accrued interest and loss (or profit) on redemption, and (3) the net yield after deduction of income tax. It is the figure in the last of the three columns that generally matters to the average investor, although he often attends only to the figure in the first column.

	Opening Prices 17 June 1925	Gross Flat Yield £ s. d.	Yield allowing to accrued interest and loss or profit on redemption							
			Gross			Net after deducting Income Tax				
			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
<i>Long-dated Securities—</i>										
3½% Local Loans ...	64½	4	13	6	4	13	3	3	14	8
3½% Conversion Loan (1961 or after)	75½	4	12	6	4	13	2	3	14	6
4% Victory Bonds (1976)	91	4	8	0	4	11	6	3	13	9
4% Funding Loan (1960-90)	86½	4	12	0	4	13	3	3	14	9
<i>Intermediate Securities—</i>										
5% War Loan (1929-47) ...	99½	5	0	2	5	0	7	4	0	6
4½% Conversion Loan (1940-44)	94½	4	14	10	4	18	2	3	19	3
<i>Short-dated Securities—</i>										
3½% War Loan (1925-28)	96½	3	12	9	5	6	11	4	12	2
5% National War Bonds (1927)	104½	4	15	8	4	17	11	3	18	9
4% National War Bonds (1927)	99	4	0	10	—			4	9	5
5½% Treasury Bonds, A & B (1929)	100½	5	9	0	5	4	6	4	2	9
5½% Treasury Bonds, C (1930)	101	5	9	0	5	5	4	4	3	7
5% Treasury Bonds, D (1927)	99½	5	0	6	5	3	10	4	3	9
4½% Treasury Bonds (1930-32)	97½	4	12	6	4	18	9	4	0	3
4% Treasury Bonds (1931-33)	93½	4	5	8	5	0	4	4	3	3
<i>Miscellaneous—</i>										
India 3½% (1931 or after)	86xd	5	6	0	5	6	0	4	4	9½
Commonwealth of Australia 4½% (1940-60) ...	97	4	17	10	4	18	5	3	18	10½
Sudan 4% Gtd. (1950-74) ...	85	4	14	2	4	16	4	3	17	6
Gt. Western 4% Debs. ...	82	4	17	8	4	19	2	3	19	7
L. & N.E.R. 1st 4% Pf.	70½	5	13	10	5	15	2	4	12	5

